

CHINA



MAIL

No. 37069

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1958.

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THE FAMOUS COMFORT
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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Not Realistic

MR Khrushchev has carefully chosen the moment to call for increased trade between Russia and America. It comes almost on the eve of the Eisenhower-Macmillan meeting in Washington at which a further easing of the embargo is almost certain to be discussed; and at a time when politicians are warning that five million Americans may be out of work at the beginning of next year because of the continued economic recession.

The Soviet leader's proposals might have won more genuine interest in America if he had proposed a more realistic basis for this increased trade. He wants the United States either to grant long-term commercial credits, or to pay for America's exports with Soviet goods. Neither is calculated to stir much enthusiasm among American businessmen.

Sceptical

WASHINGTON'S immediate sceptical reaction showed itself in official comments which pointed to the existence of legal barriers. Also President Eisenhower has had enough difficulty trying to persuade Congress to allow the Government to send aid to Communist nations. And his chances of securing long-term credits for a far from friendly country which has also defaulted on loan-repayment are indeed remote.

According to cable reports, the required goods which Mr. Khrushchev stipulated in his letter—incidentally, without stating quantities—are already exportable to Soviet Russia. In other words most are not regarded as strategically important, so there may in fact be no objection in principle to the kind of things that Russia wants. But here another difficulty arises.

The Administration has shown itself particularly rigid in refusing to allow its products either to be re-exported to China, or to assist indirectly in building up Russia's military potential. So unless concessions are forthcoming from Mr. Khrushchev on these two points and until Moscow proposes a more acceptable system of payments there can be no hope of a substantial increase in trade.

TITO SEIZES MOSCOW MEN

'Hostile Propaganda' Accusations Likely

Belgrade, June 6.

Yugoslav Security Police have arrested about 40 suspected pro-Soviet sympathisers in night roundups during the last two nights, informed sources said today. Those arrested were reported to include Vladimir Dapcevic, brother of a member of the present Yugoslav Government, Peko Dapcevic, who is secretary for transport and communications.

DE GAULLE WINS FIRST ROUND

Committees Bow To Premier

Paris, June 6.

General de Gaulle flew back to Paris tonight after his triumphant three-day tour of Algeria.

In Oran, Algeria, today, he warned the Public Safety Committees against encroaching on the functions of the established authorities, and told them they "must have no more revolutions". He told the All-Algeria Committee for Public Safety: "I expect your support without conditions and without reserve." A committee spokesman said tonight the committee supported him without conditions and without reserve.

General Salan, whose swinging over to the side of the Public Safety "takeover" movement in Algeria preceded

General de Gaulle's return to power, will continue to be Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Algeria, it was announced tonight. With tonight's announcement, De Gaulle appeared to have won the first round in his fight to restore order in metropolitan and overseas France.

Later General Charles de Gaulle issued an order of the day to French forces in Algeria, renewing his "entire confidence" in them and saying that France would win the contest of "peace, unity and fraternity."—Reuter.

Now The Referendum

By HAROLD KING

Paris, June 6.

General de Gaulle will hold a meeting of his Cabinet Ministers tomorrow morning to follow up his triumphal tour of Algeria with the preparation of the referendum on the new constitution, probably in the last week of September.

Details of the nature of the constitution the General will propose are not being discussed at this stage by any of his aides but may be available in broadcast outline shortly. General de Gaulle may also make some more ministerial or diplomatic appointments tomorrow. The newspapers are talking about M. Jacques Soustelle as Ambassador for Washington. M. Soustelle is the Gaullist deputy who went to Algiers secretly and after evading Police supervision shortly after the uprising of May 13. Chief problem facing General de Gaulle while he prepares for the referendum on the constitutional changes will represent that of keeping full control over

the committees of Public Safety movement. The impression in influential political quarters in Paris is that De Gaulle has already made an important step towards establishing his authority over any hotbeds, and that he will succeed in consolidating his position of authority here and in Algeria.

As the same time there is in political quarters a feeling of uneasiness about the future. Do Gaulle made it clear in Algeria that he is contemplating new general elections almost at once after the referendum on the new constitution.

In the half-empty lobbies of the National Assembly, officials on vacation till October 7, deputies are asking themselves if they will ever come back. The President of the National Assembly, M. Andre Le Troquer, who was very hostile to handing over power to De Gaulle, actually still has the right to convene Parliament, but does not appear to be contemplating such a step for the time being. M. Georges Pompidou, the head of De Gaulle's political Secretariat, saw M. Le Troquer in order, it seems, to prepare a meeting between him and the General next week.—Reuter.

Informed sources said the police roundup was of a preventive nature and concerned persons suspected of sympathies for the Soviet Union in the present Soviet-Yugoslav dispute, and especially persons who were quoted under the same charge during the Communist offensive against Yugoslavia after 1948.

Some In Provinces

It was understood some arrests were also made in the provinces but that most of the arrests were in Belgrade. The sources said those arrested would probably be accused of "hostile propaganda" against the state. Other reports circulating here said several pro-Soviet Communists had escaped across the Yugoslav frontier to neighbouring Communist countries. In the earlier Soviet campaign against Yugoslavia, many Yugoslav defectors were used by the Soviet bloc countries to broadcast propaganda against the Tito regime.

Former Minister

Dapcevic, a former Colonel, aged about 43, was released from prison in the last two years after serving about six years of a 20-year sentence imposed in 1950. He was sentenced after being caught while attempting to cross the Yugoslav border into Rumania in 1948 together with Arso Jovanovic, then Chief of Staff of the Yugoslav Army. Jovanovic was shot dead in the attempt.

According to Belgrade sources, those arrested also included Bane Andrejevic, 35, a former Minister of Mines, and Brel Badnjevic, a former diplomat. Yugoslav Vice-President Aleksandar Rankovic said last month that some of the former "Communistists" were continuing to "act in a hostile manner, no longer caring when they will serve and how they will do so." Mr. Rankovic, who is in charge of Security, threatened action against "hostile gestures."

Not Serious

In 1948, after Yugoslavia's expulsion from the Cominform, many pro-Soviet sympathisers were arrested and many others defected to the Soviet bloc countries. Observers believe that this time the problem is much less acute and that any pro-Soviet elements still remaining no longer constitute any serious threat to the regime.—Reuter.

Released

Budapest, June 6. Communist writer Tibor Tardos, imprisoned for 18 months last November in the "counter-revolutionary" trial of the writers Tibor Dery, Gyula Hay and Zoltan Zelk, has been released, the government spokesman said today.—Reuter.

52 Die In Huge Landslide

Calcutta, June 6.

Fifty-two men, women and children were buried alive in a giant landslide as they were sleeping in the open air in the Lohit division of India near the Chinese border.

The North East Frontier Agency reported this tonight. The victims were in two parties. One consisted of 32 men engaged in survey and road construction. The other party of 20 women and children were resting during a trek from one village to another.

The disaster occurred on May 27. The construction party were reported missing the following day by a village headman. A ground and air search was immediately started. It was discovered that the landslide, which covered a vast area, had created a vast artificial lake by damming the River Ait, a tributary of the Dibang, with thousands of tons of earth and boulders.

A section of the Assam Rifles equipped with blasting materials and supplied by air have begun clearing the area and digging for the dead.—France-Press.

NEW BRITISH MOVE AGAINST HONGKONG EXPORTS

By BILL RAVENSCROFT

London, June 6.

Hongkong manufacturers of a wide range of cotton garments including shirts and overalls may in future have to mark their goods with an "indication of origin" when they are exported to the United Kingdom.

A recommendation to this effect has been made by the standing committee respecting certain garments made from woven cloth for men, boys, women and girls following representations from manufacturing interests claiming to produce at least 70 per cent of the total United Kingdom output of these garments.

Mr. M. E. Reid, Secretary of the Shirt Collar and Tie Manufacturers Federation and the Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers Federation told me today: "Imported garments largely from Hongkong are having a very serious effect on British manufacturers."

He added: "There's a possibility that unmarked garments are

being passed off in the trade as British."

Under the Committee's recommendation the mark of origin on specified imported garments must be "readily visible when the garment is sold or exposed for sale."—London Express Service.

Hongkong Comment

Commenting on this recommendation of the Hongkong Exporters Association, said this morning, "This is just another effort on the part of British manufacturers to discourage Hongkong exports to the U.K."

The British textile manufacturers cannot get a limitation of HK exports to Britain so they are trying to make things difficult for Hongkong in other ways.

Commenting on the cabled statement that unmarked goods are being passed off in the trade as British goods, he said, "The fact that goods are being passed off as British has nothing whatever to do with Hongkong. That is done by the British distributors. We do not try to hide the fact that goods are Hongkong made."

In Britain a person buys goods to get worth for his money. He does not care where it is made as long as the quality is good. If it is cheaper than British-made goods he buys it, the spokesman added.

He said that if Hongkong goods have to be marked with origin, he does not think this will have any effect on sales.

America To Sell Nuclear Sub Engine To Britain

Washington, June 6.

The joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee has supported a recommendation that Britain be allowed to buy an American nuclear submarine propulsion plant, officials said today.

They said the Committee had agreed with a Government recommendation that the present atomic energy law be changed to permit a private American firm to sell the plant to a British firm. The proposed change in the law has still to be debated by Congress when it considers proposals by President Eisenhower that the 1954 Atomic Energy Act be amended to permit greater exchange of nuclear information with allies.—Reuter.

Macmillan Leaves For Washington

London, June 6.

Mr. Harold Macmillan left home by air for the United States where he will have talks with President Eisenhower.

Before leaving Mr. Macmillan told reporters: "It is a very good moment for me to talk things over in an informal and friendly way with my old friend the President of the United States and with the Prime Minister of Canada."

He added: "I don't intend to have a formal conference but just to meet and talk over the different problems of the day."

"That is, in my view, a much easier way than messages and telegrams."—Reuter.

Lebanon Goes To Security Council

United Nations, June 6. Lebanon said today the intervention in its rebellion by the United Arab Republic "is increasing both in scope and intensity" and asked the United Nations Security Council to take steps to end it.

Lebanese Foreign Minister Charles Malik said his government was compelled to ask U.N. action because the Arab League had taken no action on his country's dispute with the U.A.R. despite six days' consideration of it.—U.P.I.

DOCKERS SPLIT ON STRIKE ISSUE: NO EARLY RETURN

London, June 6.

A split over a peace move to end London's spreading dock strike today dashed hopes of an early return to work and sharpened the threat of big losses in perishable cargoes.

More than 100 men joined the unofficial strike today to swell the total out to almost 20,000—a third of the total labour force. A total of 118 ships were idle in the Port of London.

Mail Delayed

London, June 6. The British Post Office warned tonight that sea mail from Japan, the United States, Australia, Holland, Poland, Ceylon, Aden, China, and South America was being held up by the London dock strike.

Outward bound mail was also being delayed.—Reuter.

Leaders of the Transport and General Workers' Union suggested the men should return to work on Monday provided the employers withdrew all non-registered labour—one of the workers' main grievances.

But when this suggestion was put to mass dockland meetings today, four groups supported the call, two rejected it and a seventh group delayed deciding till Sunday.

Meanwhile Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the T.G.W.U., held day-long discussions on the capital's five-

week-old bus strike with his negotiating committee. Fresh talks with London Transport over the Union's all-round pay claim for the busmen ended in deadlock yesterday.

Today Mr. Sidney Greene, General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, ordered the 18,000 tube men to ignore unofficial calls for token strikes each Monday.

The union leaders of the bus strike decided to continue the stoppage.

But—during a stormy four-hour meeting—they decided by a majority not to recommend an extension of the strike to power station workers and petrol tanker drivers.

This majority decision is in line with the views of the General Council of Britain's Trades Union Congress.—Reuter.

Big Quakes

Pasadena, Calif., June 6.

Dr. Charles Richter, Director of the California Institute of Technology seismological laboratory, announced today that two earthquakes of a magnitude of 6.4 were recorded today at a distance of about 3,000 miles. Richter said the quakes were strong enough to cause damage in a populated area. He said the direction was unknown.—U.P.I.

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★ Every First class seat a BLUMBERGITE.
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WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK
The World Famous Sherry
SPAIN'S BEST
—the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain—and of course over here

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



BEAU GESTE
GARY COOPER
ROBERT PRESTON

PRINCESS
TO-DAY SPECIAL MORNING SHOW

At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents
Marlon BRANDO • Glen FORD • Eddie ALBERT

"THE TEA HOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

in Cinemascope and Metrocolor
Admission: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50



SPECIAL MATINEE
TO-MORROW, SUNDAY

At 11.00 a.m.

20th Century-Fox presents
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Admission: \$1.00 & \$1.50

At 12.00 noon

MEET YOUR CHARMING STARS
JOHNNY WALKER & SHYAMA

in **"THE MANTAR"**

Direction: M. SADIG

"A Rock 'n' Roll Musical Extravaganza Mingled With Magic Fun!" Don't Miss Your Chance.
— AT REGULAR PRICES —

Note: This film will not be shown in Kowloon.



TO-MORROW MORNING
SPECIAL SHOWS

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M Variety Programme
"TOM & JERRY" Technicolor Cartoons

At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents
Stewart GRANGER • Deborah KERR • James MASON

in **"PRISONER OF ZENDA"**

in Technicolor
Admission: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50



STAR METROPOLE
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX M. G. M.

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. Linda Darnell in

"FOREVER AMBER" in Technicolor

At Reduced Prices

FILMS Current and Coming

by Lucy Downing

"THE Brothers Karamazov" is the screen exposition of Dostoevsky's great novel, in which the author sought to probe the core of human behaviour. Wanton sensuality, and the resultant wallowing in suffering, enjoyment of the twists and turns of fate, exaltation of sin and penance, which the author lived and wrote, are all found here in the film which opens at Hoover and Liberty today.

This with the voluptuous lackluster of Russia of the 1870's, provides magnificent settings, rich colour and powerful characters portrayed by skilled players headed by the fascinating Yul Brynner as a violent and reckless Dmitri Karamazov; Maria Schell as the greedy Grushenka, sometimes tender and childlike, or sultry with smoldering seductiveness, and the aristocratic Katya played with distinguished deprecation by Claire Bloom.

All this and traditional Russian gypsy music too. Fyodor, played exuberantly by Lee J. Cobb, is the depraved and sensual father of Dmitri, also of the intellectual Ivan (Richard Basehart); the saintly Alexy (William Shatner) and the illegitimate son in servitude, Smerdyakov (Albert Salmi). The last-named gives a forceful and grim personification not easily forgotten.

Dmitri, always broke and up to his ears in trouble, refuses to accept Katya's reluctant offer to be his wife for the sake of his father's reputation and sends her away with the flamboyantly noble gesture which inflates his ego satisfyingly. Being a woman and puzzled by her first feelings of perverse plique, she falls hopelessly in love with the man she previously detested. Her dowry is coveted by Grushenka and Fyodor, who plot together.

Dmitri is enraged by knowledge of the intrigue and association between his father and Grushenka, but becomes ensnared by her feminine wiles and eventually is obsessed with desire for her. Riddled with jealousy, thinking wildly of fratricide and becoming increasingly involved in complications and difficulties, Dmitri achieves complete unhappiness and suffers gloriously.

It would spoil the climax of the story to go further into the plot, but the humorous drama holds the audience spellbound, despite the sometimes slow-moving panorama of winter landscapes, interiors worthy of a Rembrandt and complicated characterisations.

This noteworthy MGM production has been put forward by the United States for the Cannes Festival. It was produced by Pandro Berman and directed by Richard Brooks, who has undertaken extensive research into the life, background and aspirations of the great Dostoevsky, pioneer in the field of Freudian thought.

Brooks says that Dostoevsky's characters search for truth in true humility and outline the author's belief that no man is entitled to judge another for all are part of one being.

Each man's pain is the pain of all, and each man's aspiration is the aspiration of the whole human race.

The director has also expressed the view that "The Brothers Karamazov" does not take place in any specific street, town or land, but in the heart and soul of man. This is what he has managed to convey from the novel to the film.

★ ★ ★

At a cocktail reception held this week in the home and gardens of Mr. Forsten Brandel, Consul-General for Sweden, the suggestion was put forward—and favourably received—that a number of new Swedish films should be shown to a private group or club in view of the increasing popularity and output of Swedish productions.

It was expressly requested that "The Seventh Seal" which won a prize at the 1957 Cannes Film Festival, should be one of those chosen.

This film, a masterpiece directed by Mr. Ingmar Bergman, who has for the third consecutive time received an award at the Cannes Festival, is set in the Middle Ages and makes good use of Swedish folk lore and legend.

With macabre horror a Swedish Knight is confronted by Death as he returns home after years of suffering and frustration in the Crusades. He is challenged to gamble for his life and this time wins. His adventures with a group of strolling players and their colourful performances, the religious procession of penitent villagers praying for relief from the scourge of plague, consolation sought by passages read from the Book of Revelations and the final dramatic climax are highlights from a film in which Max von Sydow stars.

Sweden's internationally-known stars, numbering Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman and Mai Zetterling, became famous in Hollywood and London.

A new star is rising in Sweden where Anita Bjork is acclaimed as an important actress. She has played Strindberg's "Miss Julie"; Hedvig in Ibsen's Brand, and "Amorina" a role in which she demonstrated competence and individuality.

Of the Swedish film directors, Alf Sjöberg is considered to have the most intellectual approach and he has gained a reputation as an unconventional and ingenious film-maker and a sympathetic interpreter of modern drama including plays by T. S. Elliot.

★ ★ ★
"MAN HUNT", a Western drama based on the bestseller "The Hell-Bent Kid" by Charles O. Locke, playing at the Roxy

and Broadway will attract youngsters of all ages who love cowboy and Indian thrillers.

Two of the young stars, Diane Varsi the ash-blond and more discovery of "Peyton Place" fame, and Don Murray, the powerful outdoorsman of "Bus Stop," have fresh box office appeal, with their quiet sincerity and rare facility for making their roles as real as life.

With the theme of a boy who believes in non-violence, who through an accident is pursued by a posse determined to kill him, and his resultant degradation to the actions and instincts of a hunter mutual fighting desperately for life, the film is packed with action and surprising situations.

This Twentieth Century Fox film is the first under a long-term contract of Robert Buckner's productions, under director Henry Hathaway, well-known for his De Luxe colour shots of picturesque Western settings.

★ ★ ★

A SARDONIC gunslinger sought by the law, fist-fights glittering guns, handsome horses antagonistic Apaches and a sultry Mexican siren are the strong meat ingredients in the United Artists' traditional Western, "The Ride Back", at the Star and Metropole.

Western fans can curl up their toes and chew their fingers at this tale of "burning realism," horrors and hardships flicker before their fascinated eyes.

Starred in the film are Anthony Quinn and William Conrad, the latter is producer also. Quinn's sultry sweetheart is Linda Miller, temptress in love with a murderer being brought back to stand trial for his crime.

The high tension atmosphere is heightened by the psychological reactions of a man of authority aware that his perceptions are pitted against an adversary who is slicker and tougher than himself. There are fast reactions of "clashing emotions," primitive jealousy and the warping of the Indians out for scalp. After which you will need a nice cool drink, even with the air-conditioning full on.

Ambassador Restaurant

NIGHT CLUB
2nd Floor, Manson House
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Tel: 65655, 65716

TWICE NIGHTLY:
At 11.15 p.m. & 1.15 a.m.

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2 SHOWS NIGHTLY:
At 10.15 p.m. & 12.30 a.m.

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Blonde and Beautiful

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ROXY & BROADWAY

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
THE ACTION PICTURE OF THE SEASON!



BOOK EARLY!

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "MAN HUNT" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
20th Century-Fox presents
in CINEMASCOPE & COLOR
"THE PROUD ONES"
Starring: Robert RYAN
Virginia MAYO
— At Reduced Prices —

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL
PATRONS AT 11.00 A.M.
PERFORMANCE
— At Reduced Prices —

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SHOWING TO-DAY
SPECIAL TIMES AT 2.00, 4.45, 7.15 & 9.45 P.M.

MARLON BRANDO

AND AN EXQUISITE NEW
JAPANESE STAR IN

SAYONARA

Produced by James H. Newhall
Directed by James H. Newhall
Starring: PATRICIA OWENS • RED OUTBORN • RICHARD MONTALBAN • MARTHA SCOTT
MITSUHI UMEKI • JAMES GARNER
Produced by WILLIAM GOETZ • JOSHUA LOGAN
Directed by WILLIAM GOETZ • JOSHUA LOGAN
Starring: WILLIAM GOETZ • JOSHUA LOGAN • JAMES GARNER • MARTHA SCOTT

TO-MORROW SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE
At 12.00 Noon
"BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST"
In Technicolor

ASTOR THEATRE
At 12.00 Noon
"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"
At Reduced Prices

★ NEXT CHANGE ★

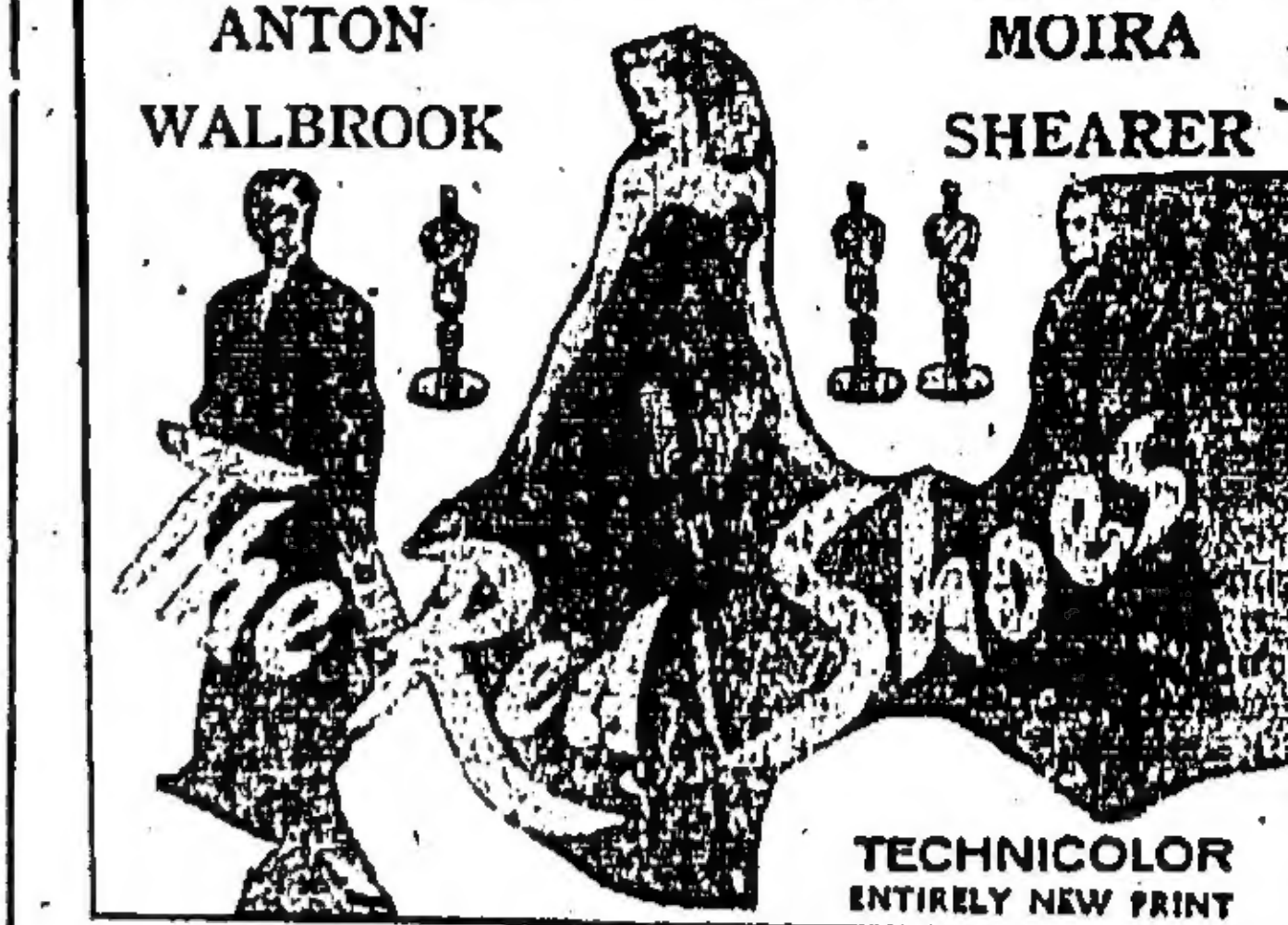


OPENS QUEEN'S TO-DAY

Please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 and 9.40 p.m.

SPECIAL PRICE TO STUDENTS
\$1.50 to Dress-Circle & Back-Stalls
For All Performances

AN IMMORTAL CLASSIC!



TO-MORROW — 5 SHOWS
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

HOOVER LIBERTY

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OPENS TO-DAY: 2.15, 4.50, 7.20 & 9.45 P.M.
Please note time of performances has been changed

M-G-M PRESENTS THE BOLD, BURNING NOVEL AT LAST!

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

Starring YUL BRYNNER

MARIA SCHELL • CLAIRE BLOOM

LEE J. COBB • ALBERT SALMI

and co-starring RICHARD BASEHART

and co-starring WILLIAM SHATNER

An Asian Production by the METROCOLOR

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon LIBERTY at 12.00 noon

Judy Garland Gregory Peck

Frank Morgan in Ava Gardner in

"WIZARD OF OZ" "SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO"

— Proudly Presents —

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

OPENS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ALAN LADD

THE DEEP SIX

LANCASTER CURTIS

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION

"KING KONG"

THE ACTUAL GOVILLA FROM

THE HOLLYWOOD FILM ON

THE STAGE TO-DAY

TO-Morrow Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

ROBERT MITCHUM in

"FOREIGN INTRIGUE"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

AIR CONDITIONED

FINAL TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE FUNNIEST MAN IN THE

FUNNIEST PICTURE!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

"ADVENTURES

of

A TRAMP"

WITH MUSIC AND WORDS

Written, Directed and Produced by CHARLIE CHAPLIN

TO-Morrow: "LONE STAR"

Morning Show To-morrow 12.30

"PURPLE MASK"

TO-Morrow Morning Show

MARTIN & LEWIS in

"MONEY FROM HONEY"

FOR

TELEVISION

TELEPHONE: 77-2021

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

The JOKE From Outer Space

Home-Made Flying Saucer Hoaxes A Town

London. THE man who built a flying saucer and hoaxed a town confessed last week—and promised that he wouldn't do it any more.



INVENTOR RUSSELL
With one man sub.

And that exploded the myth of why Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, was the centre of so many visitations from outer space.

Said 40-year-old engineer Frank Russell: "It's all my fault. The mystery saucer people have been spotting was made in my workshop by my hands."

"I hope it hasn't been interfering with serious flying saucer observations."

Secret

Mr Russell, who lives in a council house at Holme Crescent, Biggleswade, kept the secret of his invention from everyone—even his wife.

"I had to tell her, a lot of white lies so that I could work on the saucer," he said.

"And the excuses I had to think up when I wanted to go out at night to fly it make me blush."

"She still doesn't know a thing about it. She'll slaughter me."

Mr Russell described how he made the saucer in a 10ft by 5ft timber workshop in his garden.

He said: "I set about making a simple apparatus worked from a torch battery."

"I made a wire flatish cone frame about 4ft diameter. Near the point of the cone are perches in the aluminium covering paper."

"A torch bulb on the outer point of the cone lights up the exterior and gives a shining effect on the aluminium paper. Inside is another bulb to light up the perches."

"To give the saucer a rotating effect I fitted a rod under the saucer with a bulb at each end. The rod revolved by clockwork."

Rocket

He added: "I had to make the saucer suddenly shoot off in the sky at great speed. For that I fitted an arm with an ordinary fireworks rocket."

"The entire saucer had a timing device to light up for 4½ minutes. Then it blacked out."

"Five seconds later the apparatus would electrically ignite a gas lighter which lighted the rocket."

Mr Russell said that to get the saucer into the sky he bought a meteorological balloon. The balloon took the saucer to about 600ft—the whole thing being suspended on nylon thread with a 30lb breaking strain. The apparatus cost about £5.

Chuckle

Added Mr Russell, who once made a one-man submarine and tested it on the River Ouse:

"I chose dark nights and the saucer looked very effective. On the days following its appearance I heard chaps at work and in the local talk about it. I had a good chuckle."

Last word from Mr Whitworth, of nearby Bedford, a serious investigator of flying-saucer reports: "I am glad to hear that Mr Russell is to stop his hoax."

"But we have had a number of sightings in daylight, however, so these can't be hoaxes."

London. An Indian and a Hungarian who work at the London Office of the English-Speaking Union asked for and received the services of interpreters when they appeared in court in an assault case.—U.P.I.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR COAL IN COLOURS NOW!

Black as coal may be out of date as a description within a few years, Ruhr coal researchers said last week.

The industry's research centre has developed a spray that makes coal red, blue, yellow, and even white. Originally designed to cut down dust, the spray was later mixed with dye to produce the coloured coal. The experts hope coloured coal will find favour in homes still using stove heating, where the coal scuttle is part of the furniture. Housewives can choose a coal colour to complement their interior decoration colour schemes.—U.P.I.

Now It's 'Smelly Telly'

London. "Smelllevision" is here. Inventor William Rose said he had invented a device for releasing different perfumes from a television set by means of an electrical impulse from the transmitter. By means of his "smelly telly," Rose said, viewers looking at a seascapes would smell ozone and salt breezes. Garden scenes would produce flower scents. His experimental model contains four bottles of different scents, he said, but there was no theoretical limit on the number possible.—U.P.I.

Bachelors More Prone To Mental Illnesses

London. BACHELORS are far more susceptible to mental illness than husbands, a statistical review published by the Registrar-General for England and Wales showed.

Eight times more bachelors than husbands were admitted to British mental hospitals with schizophrenia, for example, the report showed.

It put forward no guesses as to why, and urged "caution" in interpreting the findings.

The review also said clerical workers, domestic workers, persons in parts of the catering trade and labourers were among the occupational groups most prone to mental illness.

"Why this should be so is open to speculation and it is difficult to separate cause and effect," the review said. "Detailed studies are required."—U.P.I.

EDITOR SAYS:

'Flare Look' For Men Is 'Ugly'

London. THE editor of Tailor and Cutter—the bible of the British men's wear industry—called the new "flare look" for men "ugly." He said it would be "remarkable" if the new look caught on.

The "flare look" was unveiled by 11 tailors from London's ultra-exclusive tailoring area—Savile Row.

WERE FOOLED

Editor Tom Taylor said women were "fooled every year" into wearing some new design, but this is the first time that a radically new concept had emanated from Savile Row.

He said the new styles were "ugly."

"But then," he added, "most fashions are usually ugly but all styles catch on and are worn by women."

The new flare look features flared jackets, cuffs and lacy neckties.—U.P.I.

London. Roy Wilkinson, aged 16, beat 4,600 girls in a cookery competition at Stratford, Lancs. His prize-winning dish: Four lamb chops and selected vegetables.

CHEESE DISCRIMINATION, SHE SAYS

London. The Communist Daily Worker bitterly complained about a new kind of discrimination against the working class. Somebody is depriving working people of good cheese, the Worker said.

"I met up with the food barrier once again," Gwen, the Worker's cookery columnist, reported.

"Can it be that some clever minds think that working class people cannot appreciate what is good in food?"

"When I went down to a well-known West End store, I could choose among dozens of English and foreign cheeses, all in beautiful condition. But when I try locally the cheese has to be eaten within

Courtesy by a husband roused wife's Suspicion

London. HENRY BENTLEY did the right and decent thing in escaping home a woman whom he met at a social club.

But he did the wrong thing in failing to tell his wife about it, a judge said in the Divorce Court last week.

"In these days when Teddy boys and footpads are lurking in the streets at night," said Mr Justice Wallington, "it is almost a duty for a man to see that a lady comes to no harm on her way home."

NEVER EXPLAINED

But since Mr Bentley never explained the situation to his wife she could hardly be blamed for becoming suspicious, the judge added.

She called him names, humiliated him in public, and once scratched his face severely. But still he did nothing to reassure her and his association with the other woman was innocent.

"I think she acted perfectly naturally, and if he had acted equally naturally there would have been no reason why this marriage should not have been happy to the end," said the judge.

And he dismissed a petition by Mr Bentley, a 49-year-old stockbroker's clerk, of 51, Croft Gardens, North Wembley, Middlesex, alleging cruelty by his wife, Nellie, aged 50, of Luton.

MAKE UP

Mr Justice Wallington urged the couple—who were married in 1951 and have two children—to make things up.

"I hope they will make up their minds to put an end to the past, to put an end to this terrible friction and terrible separation which need not be permanent," he said.

But as Mr Bentley left the court he said: "A reconciliation? Not the slightest chance."

Said Mrs Bentley as she left by another exit: "I'll need time to think about it."

'CANNED' BOSS WITH PAINT

Newcastle. Paint sprayer, Alfred Johnson, flung a can of blue paint at his boss.

Johnson, 23, was fined £10 and assessed £55 pounds damages last week after his boss, who fired him on the spot, testified.

"I checked him for idling and he went all red and kicked the tin. It even got into my hair."

Alf said he was "niggled" at the complaint.—U.P.I.

SIMPLIFIES WORK!

London. In order to "simplify the work in this office," said the letter from an insurance company, quoted by Daily Telegraph columnist "Peterborough":

"I shall be glad if you will please make the following amendment to our existing reference when making future payments. The revised reference will now be: 1/84177/112483/116920/124880/104140, 2/87466, 3/1152943."

If that new reference "simplifies work," the columnist said, "what was it like before?"—U.P.I.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Brothers Karamazov." The Dostoevsky's great novel brought to the screen with brilliant characterizations, moods alternating from hatred to love, passion to tenderness (but rarely) and wild enthusiasm to depression. Threats of hell, hope of heaven, bitter repentance, glorious drunken unhappiness with Russian types, music, breath-taking beauty in sets and landscapes all in this USSR million production. Symptomatic, knowledgeable direction by Richard Brooks with clever contrasts of light and shade. At times this film is almost revoltingly sensuous, but it is also widely philosophical, giving glimpses of deep insight into many facets of human nature rarely revealed. Yul Brynner, Maria Schell and Claire Bloom lead a great cast in this MGM film which is entered by the United States for the Cannes Festival.

Quinn's Mexican sweetheart, gives a terrific tiger-cat performance, claws unbridled, William Conrad, actor and director, plays the part of the officer of the law, bringing to justice a man known to be capable of outwitting him at any turn. Complicated by marauding Indians, tension build-ups etc but the situations are overworked in spite of good acting.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Dean Geale." A re-issue of the Paramount classic, which is well-worth seeing again, especially with the topical viewpoint of current affairs and present interest in the activities of the French Foreign Legion. This film, which was the cause of considerable comment when first issued, stars Gary Cooper, with Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Brian Donlevy, Susan Hayward and many other well-known Hollywood players.

LEE & ASTOR: "Sayonara." Warner Brothers' romantic interlude still going strong. An emotional drama of the U.S. Servicemen and his Japanese sweetheart, a heart-lender with delicacy, tenderness and beauty. Sentimental entertainment with exquisite photography and sensitive direction, featuring Marlon Brando, Mikiyo Taka, Red Buttons, Miyoshi Umeki and Patricia Owens. Held over until Monday.

QUEEN'S: "Game of Love." Another topical film set in Algeria and Paris. A production of the United French Film Ltd. with English sub-titles and a re-issue. Gina Lollobrigida, plays two parts—one of a sophisticated Parisienne and the other of a girl from the slums. Jean-Claude Pascal is her co-star.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Long Haul." A hard-driving drama of the teamsters' battle against mob control, featuring Victor Mature and British blonde Diana Dors. They are teamed in Columbia Pictures' film of gangsterism in the trucking industry, filmed in the North of England and Scotland, under the direction of Len Bogue. Although this is claimed to be non-stop, there is sufficient time for romantic dalliance thrills of another sort doubtless.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Tarnished Angels." Universal's film of stunt-flying by members of a flying-circus, Rock Hudson and his film wife, Dorothy Malone, complicated by the activities of reporter Rock Hudson. Based on the candid outspoken book "Pylon" by William Faulkner, author of "The Sound and the Fury." The drama is acclaimed as a forthright motion picture for adult audiences.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Re Murder." Intriguing title of the new Temporal Production starring Marius Goring, Rick Jason, Lita Galanti and Mary Merrill. Based on Joan Fleming's British bestseller "The Deeds of Doctor Deceit" about a "good" doctor whose wives died mysteriously. Will provide food for thought for all amateur detectives who like their thrillers interspersed with comedy touches.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Underwater Warrior." An MGM epic of U.S. Navy frogmen and their operations during World War II. Thrilling close-ups of the planting of limpet bombs and of trained experts averting the danger of magnetic mines. It stars Dan Dally and Claire Kelly.

LEE & ASTOR: Scintillating, rhythm-filled comedy, bristling with love-interest incidents and starring attractive Jane Powell, chorus character, with Keith Andes, Cliff Robertson, Kaye Ballard and Tommy Noonan as co-stars. This RKO picture, produced by Stanley Kubrick, is set in a Californian beach resort on the blue Pacific with pink cloud interludes. Lavish sets, dance routines by Gower Champion, six song hits including "All the Colours of the Rainbow" and "Crazy Horse" sung by Jane and the Children's Chorus will attract families looking for light and happy entertainment.

Swap Shop

Rome. The daily American carried this all-shock-up notice in its "swap shop" column: "Exchange: Ten rock 'n' roll Freddy records for manual lamp or opera records."—U.P.I.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



AN unusual sight this week in the high street of the English coastal resort of Southend: soldiers with guns out. They were from the Royal Artillery garrison at Shoeburyness, had just collected the unit's pay from the bank on the corner. Reason for the hardware was the recent crop of payroll holdups in Britain. The guns were for show only, however—they were not loaded.



PETER Manuel, 31-year-old woodcutter, was sentenced to death in Glasgow, Scotland, this week after being found guilty of seven murders. American-born Manuel, who conducted most of his defence himself, received the judge's sentence without comment and with apparent unconcern. Date fixed for the hanging: June 19. He had been convicted of killing three women, two girls, a man and a boy.

Express Photos

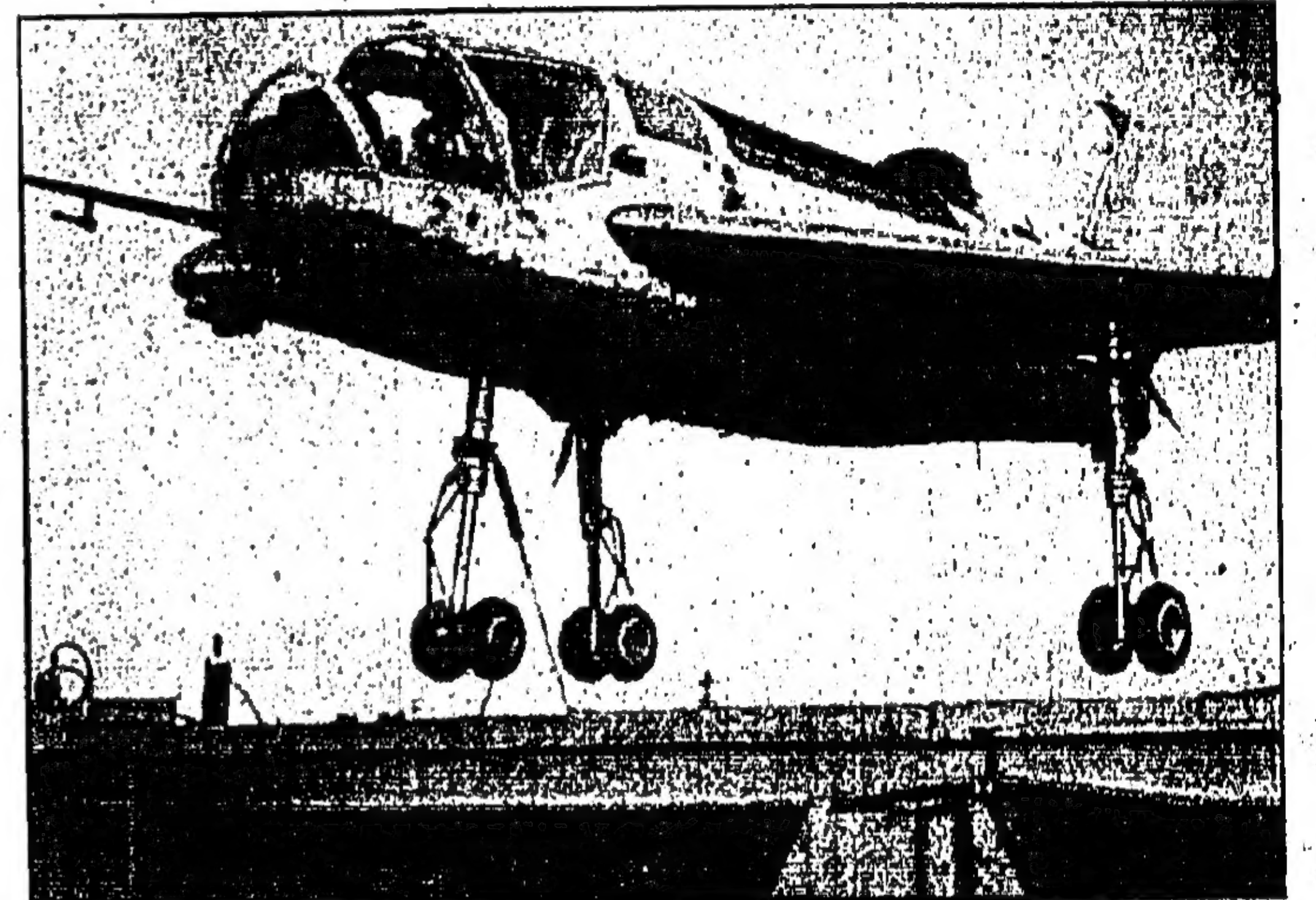
A casually-dressed couple were to be seen last week in London's Battersea Park drinking tea outside a pie stall. They were Rex Harrison (star of "My Fair Lady") and his actress wife Kay Kendall.

IN Cardiff, Wales, this week for the forthcoming British Empire Games, are these Nigerian athletes. They are, from left, Floretta Iyo, 24, (women's high and long jump), Victor Odofin, (100 yards and long jump), and Esther Ogbeni, 21, (sprint).

★
FOUR Russian actresses—members of the Moscow Art Theatre troupe which is currently playing in London—are seen in the salon of dressmaker Norman Hartnell watching a fashion show.



TO a London bus striker who stole 4s. 9d. worth of cheese and sausages, a London magistrate, Geoffrey Raphael, said last week: "I have not the heart to send you to prison. I wish I could send to prison the people who put you into this position." The busman, 26-year-old Ronald Bishop, is pictured at home with his German-born wife Elizabeth and their daughters Ute, 5, and four-year-old Evelyn. When Bishop is driving his bus he earns between £11 and £12 a week.



A new British jet plane which rises vertically is seen during tests recently in Belfast, Northern Ireland. The plane is the Short SC1. It takes off vertically, flies forward like an ordinary plane, then makes a vertical landing.



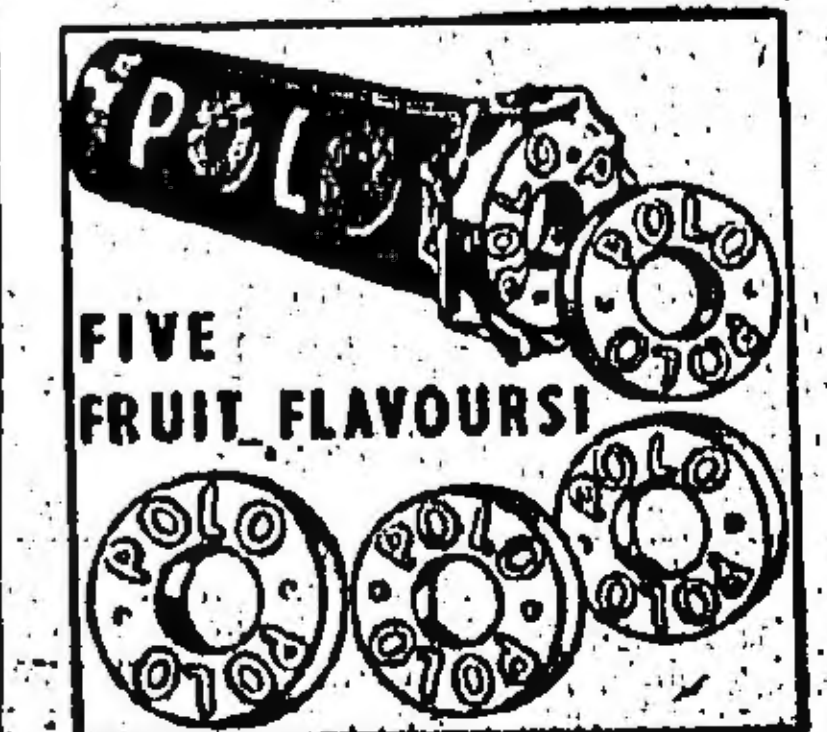
ITALIAN film actress Sophia Loren is presented to Princess Margaret at the recent premiere in London of the film "The Key," in which Sophia co-stars with William Holden and Trevor Howard. That's Holden on Sophia's left.



NO one thought Patricia Newton of Harold Hill, England, would ever speak normally. That was before she fell in love. Twenty-year-old Pat, deaf and dumb from birth, met Reginald Rigby at a dance two years ago. Reg managed to make her understand that he wanted to see her again and so their romance began. Reg spent hours teaching her to speak—was successful.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace
Thompson

Benzoin

An Incense derived from the resin of *Styrax benzoin*, formerly an important trade item at Canton. (See *Description of Canton*, page 137). The word probably came into English by way of Indo-Portuguese but it seems ultimately to have been a term used by Arab traders in the East Indies: *Iuban-Jawi* or *Javan Incense*, the latter being taken in India as the Arabic article. Folk etymology provides the English variant *benjamin*.

Bezoar

This is a concreted found in the stomach of certain animals, goats in particular. It was formerly much used in China as an antidote against certain poisons.

Trade in this commodity at Canton is discussed in *Description of Canton*, page 141. The word was well-known in Anglo-Indian and is derived from the Persian *bezir*, meaning a stone. The eighteenth century *Ar-Men Chi Lueh* prints *pa tsa*, a loan-word from the Portuguese.

Bocca Tigris

I do not intend to publish proper names in this column as a rule, but here is one which I can't resist. It is the name given to the estuary of the Pearl River which in *Fu Mu* in Cantonese and written *Mu Men* in characters.

This name was translated by the Portuguese as *Boca do Tigre* or 'Tiger's mouth' and written *Boca de Tigris* in an English source of 1747. *Bocca Tigris* is a ridiculous and incorrect Latinisation of the Portuguese name. One Englishman, failing to understand this name, marked the Pearl River Tigris in a chart.

Covid

This is an old name once given to a Chinese measure called a *Chieh*. It was divided into 100 puns. The covid varied in value according to the use to which it was put, for it might be used for measuring lengths, areas or weights.

Hobson Jobson suggests, and I think rightly, that it is an Indo-Portuguese form of standard Portuguese *covado* which could be translated cubit or ell. The form covid has the appearance of a typical northern Indo-Portuguese word. Apocopeation is characteristic of that dialect.

Cumshaw

This word is still very common in Hongkong and is often used by beggars and facetious Europeans. It is one of the puzzles of Pidgin lexicography. The usual meaning is backstreet or present. Hobson Jobson quotes Giles who says it is *kam-sau* grateful thanks in the Amoy dialect and Moule who considered it to be *kam-sau*, thank gift in Cantonese. Like the compilers of that excellent dictionary I prefer for the moment to keep a discreet and cowardly silence when discussions on its etymology arise.

There is no evidence that I know of to support the common Hongkong belief that this word originated in India.

Beche de Mer

This pseudo-Gallicism was the British trader's version of the Portuguese *Bicho de Mar*, sea-beast. It is the sea-slug, holothurid, or tripping, an important item in the cuisine of South China.

The traders who scoured the South Seas for this delicacy carried a pidginised English with them and gave it the name of their important cargo, with slight variation, *Beche-la-mar*. From this jargon Melanesian Pidgin grew.

NOTE: GRIFFITH, which appeared in last week's column, is not, as far as I know, a Hongkong word. How it got there puzzles me.

It must have wandered out of my nose on GRIFFIN, one etymology of which, offered in Hobson Jobson, was *raw Welshman* (Griffith, i.e. a surname).

A Hongkong Short Story By Jean Gordon
AN AMAH'S FAREWELL

AH Sol's knitting needles clicked monotonously as she squatted in a shady corner of the garden.

Her sleek black head and flat brown face, with its protruding simian mouth, were bent over her work. Her mind's eye and slim brown fingers were intent upon the intricate pattern of a small boy's pullover which she had carried in her head since fingered the expensive one in the foreign baby shop that morning.

Her visual eye was ever watchful of the movements of her charge. Jeremy was happily pottering behind the garden cooie and his watering-can. His chubby limbs were as tanned as they could safely be allowed to get under the Eastern sun, which was too fierce for his tender fair skin. Ah Sol's eyes rested lovingly for a moment on the happy sturdy baby, and she sighed gustily.

"Dar-ling," she called, and when he ran to her gladly, laid her hand softly on his damp forehead to see if he were getting overheated.

★ ★ ★

"You velly biz' baby," she said fondly. "Jeremey no makee work too hard."

The voice that could be so loud and resonant when addressing the other servants, was soft and caressing for the baby. Ten years before Ah Sol had left her own two babies with her mother in the Canton country and had come, a young widow of twenty-two, to seek her fortune in the great city of Hongkong, reputed to be so full of foreign devils that dollars flowed like water, and money, even as a baby amah, was easily made.

Ah Sol had not found it easy at first. Without experience, she had had to be content to work for anyone who would employ her, for a small wage and casual treatment. Having her employers, she had still lavished her instinctive tender care on her baby charges.

At last she was entrusted with her first European baby; and after that her sterling qualities ensured her being recommended from one family to another for a gradually increasing wage.

Missy didn't even take the time to see little Jeremy before the infant went to sleep, Ah Sol noticed with quiet scorn. How could the silly woman expect to take care of her own baby in England when she was practically a stranger to him . . . ?

Now she was an established high-grade baby amah, with a steadily growing bank balance—except for the holes periodically made in it by the claims of her lazy and good-for-nothing relations.

Her crowning joy, her charge, was one of the loveliest boys in the Colony. She enjoyed the "face" she gained when she took Jeremy out in his freshly tubbed sunsuit, with golden curls immaculately brushed, fair skin soft as satin, baby face alight with laughter. And no amah could compare with Ah Sol for smartness, in her crisply laundered white coat, her shinningly braided raven hair and green soapstone earrings.

Years of caring for other people's children had not lessened the agony of giving them up when the time came. Ah Sol now faced the awesome fact: Jeremy was going home to England. Well, she could bear it if only she could feel sure of his well-being on that long, long journey. But all too clear was the memory of her last day's holiday, when by sundown the house-boy had been sent to bring her back from her mah-jong game because Jeremy could not be comforted.

★ ★ ★

All day he had cried, while in Missy's charge, and when bedtime came he had sobbed for Ah Sol until his mother had been distracted.

How could the poor silly woman expect anything else? She took little notice of her lovely baby, except to drop a kiss on his curls or from one of her languorous parries. Ah Sol had allowed herself to say on that occasion, in her soft husky voice, "He no savvy you, Missy. You makee frighten him," as she gathered the sobbing child to her hard flat bosom.

"I wish I could take you, Ah Sol." The gay voice was wistful for once. "But Master no can catchee money for more ticket!"

The matter was closed. The remaining days hurried by, with Jeremy's toothache little better and Ah Sol's eyes getting redder and redder as she passed night after sleepless night. It was during these wakeful hours, tending the small, hot, beloved body, that gradually her resolve was made. No one noticed the unfamiliar sternness of her usually smiling brown face, with its twinkling black eyes and double row of gold-filled teeth.

The day of sailing arrived. Ah Sol washed Jeremy's packing mechanically and washed and dressed herself and the still fretful child. They were to be on board at eleven o'clock, and all went hurriedly until they were safely packed into the taxi with Missy and the final oddments of luggage.

At the jetty there was a seething mass of coolies, passengers and friends to say goodbye. Someone shepherded Ah Sol and the child on to the passenger deck of the great, terrifying white liner, and for a few minutes the restless Jeremy was made much of by the crowd of gay acquaintances drinking their farewells to his parents. One more observant than the rest remarked:

"Your amah looks terribly ill. Fay, but at least she isn't throwing hysterics as they usually do."

"Poor thing, she's devoted to Jeremy, and God knows I shall miss her, but we'll manage somehow," was the cheerful rejoinder, with barely a glance at Ah Sol's stern, unsmiling face.

★ ★ ★

Soon she quietly detached herself and Jeremy from the crush of people, and climbed the gangway to the boat deck. From there she baby could see the wharves working and, fascinated, listen to their creaking and whining as the final cargoes were loaded. Ah Sol drew from inside her bodice a square of cotton with four long strings. Jeremy was so engrossed with the unaccustomed sights and sounds that he made no objection when she kissed him in a businesslike way and used this to tie him on her back. In fact he crowed with delight and patted her cheeks with his little soft hands.

Ah Sol then looked to the fastening in the belt slot. It was very heavy, for it was made of many pockets, and every pocket was tightly packed with silver dollars. Satisfied, she walked to the seaward side of the deck and climbed as far as she could round the outside of one of the lifeboats, just within the railings, so that she had a clear view out to sea and of the murky waters below.

There was scarcely even a sloop to be seen. All activity was focussed on the other side of the ship. Soon a bell clangled noisily. Ah Sol knew that was the signal for friends to go ashore. They would begin looking for her now. They would probably start with Missy's cabin. She would wait a few minutes longer. Her heart was beating hard but she felt calm and resolved. She knew she was doing right and that her ancestors would acclaim her. The bell rang again. She thought she heard a clamour below the gangway.

The moment had come. With a deft twist of her hands she drew the carrying apron over Jeremy's small head so that his only view was of her back, and scrambled agilely through the rope railings and so to the sea below.

Thus did Ah Sol fulfil her trust.

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ROUND-UP

Russia's Rocket Build-Up

OVER two dozen rocket bases—suitable for rockets with atom warheads—are now ready for immediate operation in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Eastern Germany and Northern Hungary, according to information reaching here.

All of this area, it was suggested by Poland's Foreign Minister Rapacki, should be combined with Western Germany and other areas in Western Europe into an atom-free area.

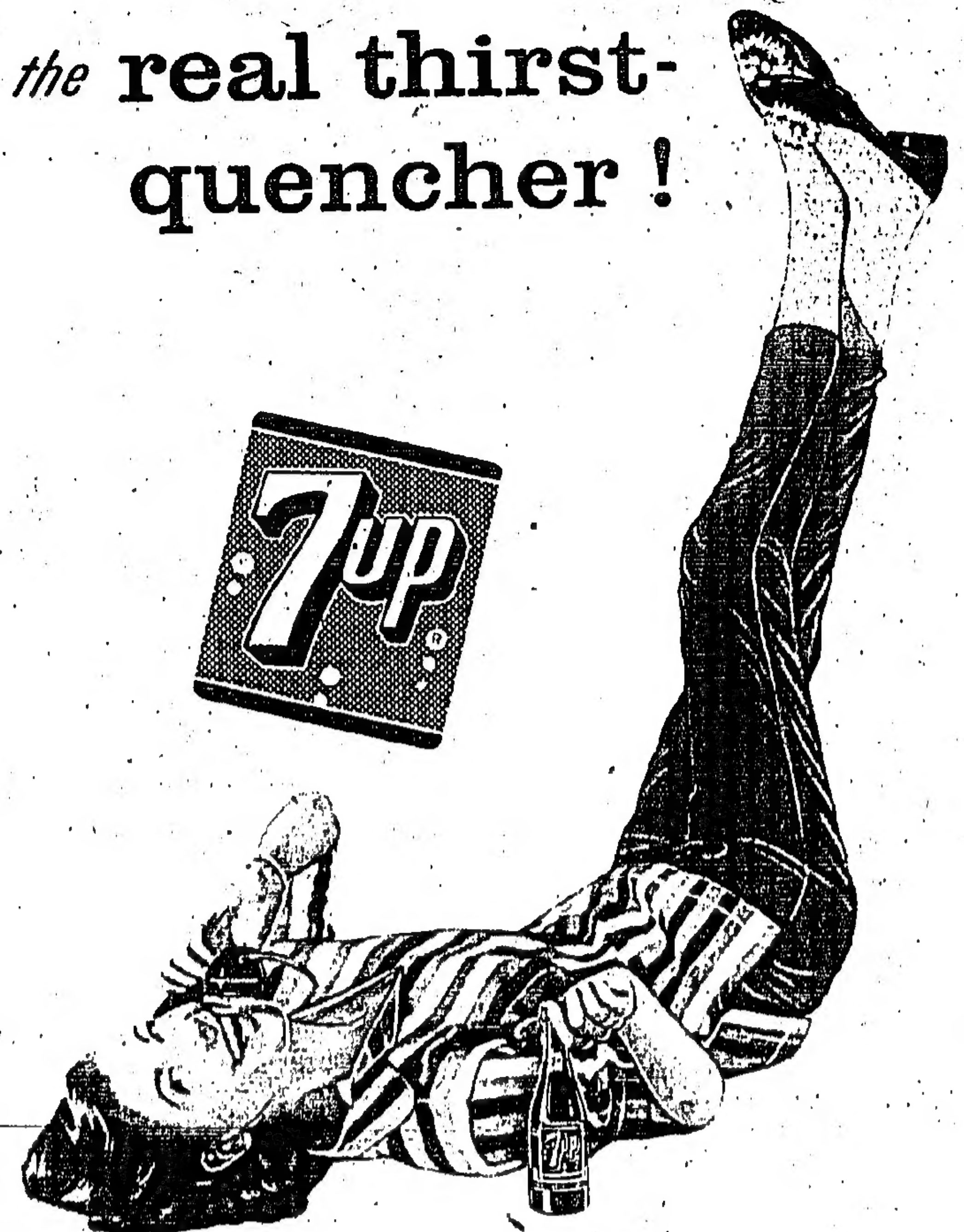
But while this plan is still being discussed by Western governments, Russia has been forging ahead with her missile projects.

Under the direction of General Lishkin, and his deputy, Colonel Mleak of the Czech army, working from the Soviet main rocket headquarters at Zienberg in Northern Bohemia, a network of rocket bases facing west has quietly been built up.

About one dozen of these bases are in Czechoslovakia. The remainder are distributed over Poland, Eastern Germany and Northern Hungary.

Under Soviet directions, the Czech factory of Vihorlat in Eastern Czechoslovakia, near the Soviet-Czech frontier, is also starting the production of rockets which are to be fitted with Soviet atom warheads.

The first of these rockets, it is believed, will be ready by mid-summer.

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Terror in the snow

HYI-YI! The long, quavering, agonised cry splintered the Siberian silence and the darkness.

I cowered in terror over my spluttering wood fire in that frozen waste. As the unearthly sound died away my body remained numb.

If I heard that cry today in broad daylight it would make me shiver. But at that bleak, black moment I could not even tremble. I was petrified.

For I was near the end of my tether. The date must have been about November 30, 1949, and only a month earlier I had escaped from a Russian slave camp.

I was a German paratrooper, and because I had been captured behind the Russian lines I had been sentenced to 25 years for sabotage.

For three years I had slaved in a lead mine on the tip of Cape East, where Siberia spills into the Behring Sea.

I slaved, ate and slept in that lead mine until at last I could stand it no longer, and even the desperate gamble of escape seemed preferable to the hell of my existence.

So I broke away, turned my face to the west—and began to walk.

I was obsessed with one aim, no matter how fantastic that aim might now sound.

I had vowed that I would walk to Germany—8,000 miles away.

That night as I crouched over my camp fire and heard that terrible, long-drawn scream through the blackness behind my fire, some 400 miles lay between me and the slave-drivers of that prison camp. And ahead there stretched the whole vast continent of Russia before I could reach my home.

HIDEOUS HOWL

HYI-YI... HYI-YI. The hideous howl, half-human and half-animal, stilled my blood again.

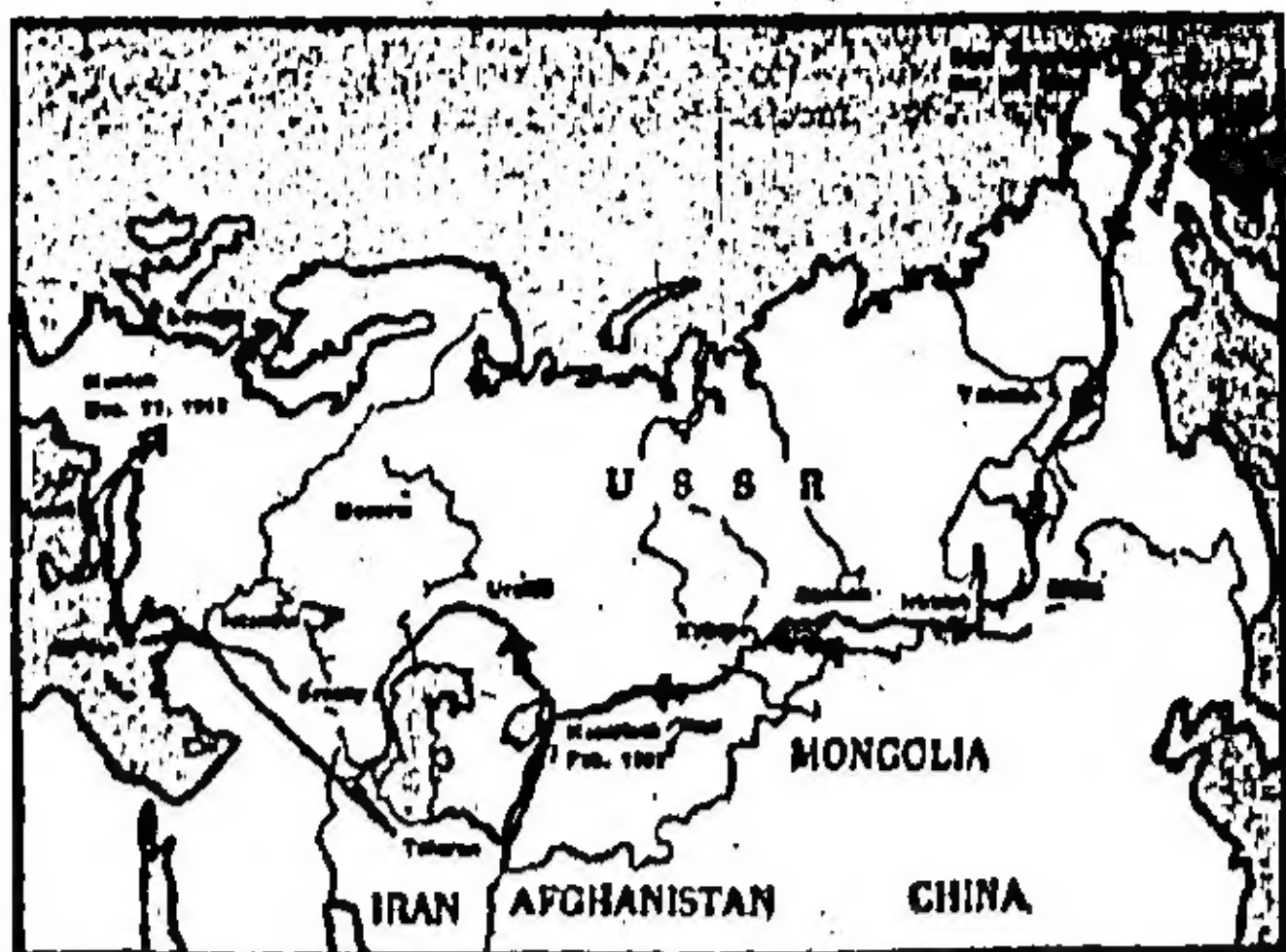
Now, to the left, there came an answering howl. And suddenly I heard a thrashing, shifting movement among the trees flanking my fire. It was as if a hundred strange creatures of the wild were closing in upon me.

And then I screamed. For suddenly I saw a face, a huge face, shiny and moist, peering at me from the shadows.

I watched, hypnotised. The face moved closer, its big eyes were unblinking. Closer and closer it came until at last it was within the light of the fire.

And then I saw a sight so weird that my fear faded into wonder.

I had been gazing into the eyes of a reindeer. And, sitting astride the animal, was a man. They were the first living creatures I had seen since my escape.



★ **WHEN Clemens Forell, a captured German paratrooper, said he had escaped from a Siberian slave mine and walked 8,000 miles home no one believed him.**

★ **HIS amazing claim was checked and found to be true. This map traces his incredible journey—and the broad arrow points to the river he crossed with the help of Russians bribed by the reindeer men.**

—but only in the sense that a tribe of Indians might be said to be citizens of the United States in the early days of the frontier period.

These reindeer dealers—for that was their "trade"—were wholly nomadic. They had no permanent settlement but spent their lives roaming the great Siberian plains, turning in most of their skins to the State pur-

chases but also conducting a brisk under-the-counter business with the settlement outposts.

Soviet Communism meant as little to them as George Washington and democracy meant to the Delaware Indians.

From that very first moment of meeting, these men were friendly.

Their high-pitched, curious dialect was not Russian. It was their own tribal language.

When I had refreshed myself from the leader's milk gourd, the young man lopped some branches off a tree with a long

knife. Then he began building up the fire. Gingerly I hauled out my store of precious tobacco and offered some to them.

They were delighted. The young one—his name was Laotmai—grabbed my wrist with a grin. The older man—he said he was Pehlak—slapped me on the knee.

LONG KNIVES

Perhaps they were just waiting to slit my throat with those long knives, waiting to sell my head to the nearest Russians.

I need not have worried. I stayed with the reindeer men not just for a night, but for more than four months through the vicious winter of 1949-50.

They taught me the secrets of survival in this stern Siberian wasteland. How to hunt, how to cook, how to fend for myself in a land where nature showed no mercy.

Finally—and even today this generosity sounds incredible—when they sped me on my way after that long, black winter, they even paid a man to guide me!

Laotmai organised that. He had to drive a large freight sledge to a village further west and he brought me with him on the 16-day journey.

And, to my horror, in the village he introduced me quite openly to two Russians!

For a second I thought he had betrayed me. "You are a German," said one Russian coldly. "What are you doing here?"

"I was sentenced to 25 years," I said. "So, where are you doing here?"

"I escaped. I want to get home."

"To Germany?" He raised his eyebrows. "You're mad. But tomorrow I'll take you on your way across the river."

I began to thank him. He interrupted roughly. "I'm not doing this for charity. You know," he said, glancing significantly at the beaming Laotmai. "Only then did I realise that Laotmai had actually bribed these men to help me."

THEIR CODE

"I was sentenced to 25 years," I said. "So, where are you doing here?"

"I escaped. I want to get home."

"To Germany?" He raised his eyebrows. "You're mad. But tomorrow I'll take you on your way across the river."

I began to thank him. He interrupted roughly. "I'm not doing this for charity. You know," he said, glancing significantly at the beaming Laotmai. "Only then did I realise that Laotmai had actually bribed these men to help me."

"I was sentenced to 25 years," I said. "So, where are you doing here?"

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"I was sentenced to 25 years," I said. "So, where are you doing here?"

"I escaped. I want to get home."

Suddenly I knew that the reindeer men were extending to me their own, simple code of loyalties.

They had sheltered me, I had accepted their hospitality.

Now I was one of them and, as such, I was a brother in distress.

Moreover, because I, as a German prisoner, was a dangerous "cargo," Laotmai must have paid heavily.

Next morning, half an hour before dawn, I said good-bye to Laotmai.

With one of the Russians I slipped from the village. We marched across open country until we came to a river—the River Anadyr—and slithered across the ice that covered it.

The Russian stopped and said: "That will cost you 200 roubles."

I had been given some roubles by the man who had made my escape possible by Dr Heinz Stauffer, a German physician, who had kept us alive in the lead mine. Neither he nor I knew whether they were worth anything.

I pooled off 200 from the small wad which had been congealing in my pocket. The Russian pocketed them, seemed about to ask for more, and left me. His well-paid job had been done.

For days I pushed on, always west. It was the middle of March, 1950, when I came across further signs of life—a huddle of tents jutting from the snow.

Before I had met Laotmai and his friends I would have avoided those tents like frost-bite. Now I went straight to them—and my new judgment was right.

I climbed on to the plunging raft and spun downstream. Nobody spoke to me. After we had travelled most of the day, Anastas fished the crazy little craft to the bank and we climbed ashore.

The three vagabonds lay and watched me while I set up camp and got a fire going. I cooked a meal, using my own food and my three new guides ate noisily. Still nobody spoke to me.

At last they finished. Anastas snarled: "Tobacco! Hurry up!"

I put out all I had left—which was barely enough to last them a week. I even put down paper and they rolled themselves cigarettes from the scraps.

"You know how to light a fire and you almost know how to cook," said Anastas. "What else can you do? Can you shoot?"

I had had enough from these cut-throats. "No worse than you rogues," I growled.

They leapt at me—all three of them. But I leaped more quickly. I faced them coldly, my gun in my hand, my finger on the trigger, and they froze.

Gently Anastas said: "Would that be a pistol, by any chance? And would it be loaded?"

Just as gently I asked: "Shall I pull the trigger?"

"Put the damn thing away," he said curtly. "We're all pals, aren't we?"

Slowly I put the gun away. I knew we weren't pals. But I knew, too, that these men had a healthy respect for me now. That night Anastas told me their backgrounds.

He had been sentenced to 20 years for murdering his wife and her lover. Grigori had got 16 years for stealing State property. Semyon had been sent to gaol for life for robbery.

All three had escaped after serving only a few years. They were resigned to spending the rest of their lives as hunted men. And they were razor sharp in the art of survival.

They taught me that art. I stayed with them for a year—a year so sparse and bitter that it all but numbed the thought of home from any mind.

In fact, we got on well together in that icy wilderness—until the day we learned that Grigori had a huge gold nugget he had stolen from the mine in which he had been imprisoned.

After that all comradeship vanished. It was Semyon who made the first move.



At that bleak, black moment I could not even tremble. I was petrified. The hideous, half-human howl stilled my blood.

me all the time. The tobacco seemed to sway them, for they agreed to take me.

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Anastas and Grigori had gone off hunting. I had wandered off on a short expedition of my own. And then I heard a shot.

I rushed back to the sledges—just in time to see Semyon disappearing in a flurry of snow, driving the big one.

The small sledge was still there. But the reindeer which drew it was dead. Semyon had made sure that nobody would follow him—and he had taken Grigori's harnessack with its nugget of gold.

In fact, he had left us to die, for we had only the clothes we wore, the guns we carried and the ammunition that remained. We all the reindeer harness into shaggy and bound saplings together to make snow shoes.

And then we began to walk—blindly to anywhere we might find food and shelter. There was cold murder in the eyes of Grigori and Anastas.

There was fear, too, fear of Semyon. He was mobile with his sledge.

He had food and plenty of ammunition. If he found us he would kill us—of that we were certain.

For the first four days Anastas refused even to light a fire in case the smoke betrayed our position. On the fifth day we found the thin tracks of skis.

Immediately the other two churned off. On and on they plunged, sometimes up to their waists in snow, their rifles held high above their heads. I watched them cynically as I ambled in their wake.

They disappeared in a valley of snow. And then, on a hillside, 50 yards further on, I saw a man.

It was Semyon. I saw him raise his rifle. I fell flat and heard a crash as the bullet struck a rock beside me. Splinters soared into my leg.

Semyon raised his rifle again. I heard a yell from Anastas away on the right. A third time the murderer got ready to fire.

But this time there was a shot to my left. Semyon threw up his arms and his face went bright scarlet. Then he toppled backwards.

I heard a yell of triumph and saw Grigori. His cap had come off and his long hair hung matted round his face.

"Did you see it?" he shouted frantically. "Did you see how I fixed him?"

"Where's Anastas?" I yelled. "He's dead." And, without another word, Grigori went pounding towards Semyon's body.

When he found it, he tore off the harnessack and systematically robbed his dead comrade, rolling through every pocket of his ragged clothes.

When he seemed satisfied that there was nothing worth stealing left, he gripped the

body by the shoulders and propped it up against a mound of snow.

I watched him reload his rifle, step back a few paces and aim it at the shattered head. It took me a second to realise what he was going to do.

"Grigori—stop!" I screamed. "This is none of your business, German. You'd better stay where you are."

I looked into the barrel of his rifle. "Slowly I took off my rucksack and handed it to him. Watching me closely, he fumbled through it and took out a short, flat object about the size of a child's slipper.

"My nugget," he said softly. "Semyon didn't know I had transferred it to your bag for safe keeping. You didn't know you'd been carrying round a lump of gold for the past week, did you?"

"Can I see it?" I said, and my voice was shaking. He nodded, handed over the nugget and raised the rifle to my head.

The surface of the nugget was dirty. I scratched it with my nail and left a thin, gleaming line. My hand was beginning to tremble with the weight of the thing.

A MADMAN
Grigori said softly: "It weighs about two and a half pounds."

All the time the rifle never wavered.

And I understood. I could feel the germs of gold fever myself already. I knew those schoolboy stories were true.

"Here," I growled, "take it back."

Grigori lowered the rifle slowly, took the nugget, wrapped it up and put it away in an inside pocket under his furs. For a while he eyed me aly in silence, his head as one side, his eyes almost smiling.

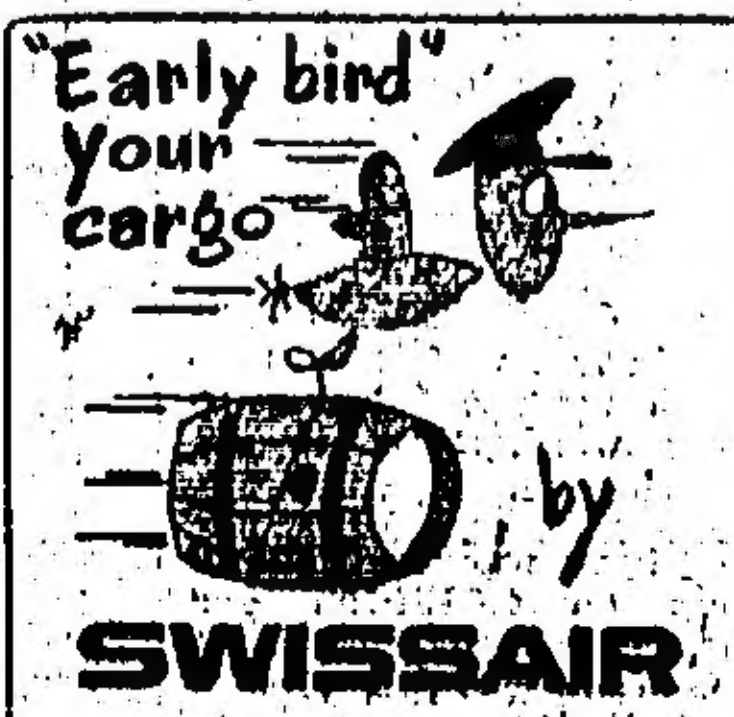
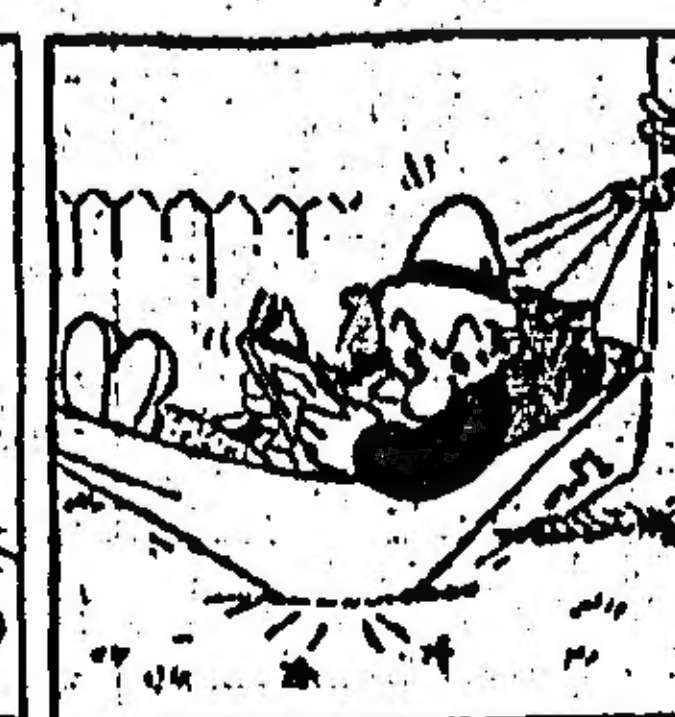
Then quite calmly he said: "You want it now, don't you?" I didn't answer. I knew this man had gone completely mad. And I knew he would kill me sooner or later, if I did not kill him first. That nugget had sentenced one of us to death.

NEXT WEEK

Grigori pushes me over a cliff and leaves me to die: wolves attack me and I fall from a tree into the pack.

By Mik

FERD'NAND

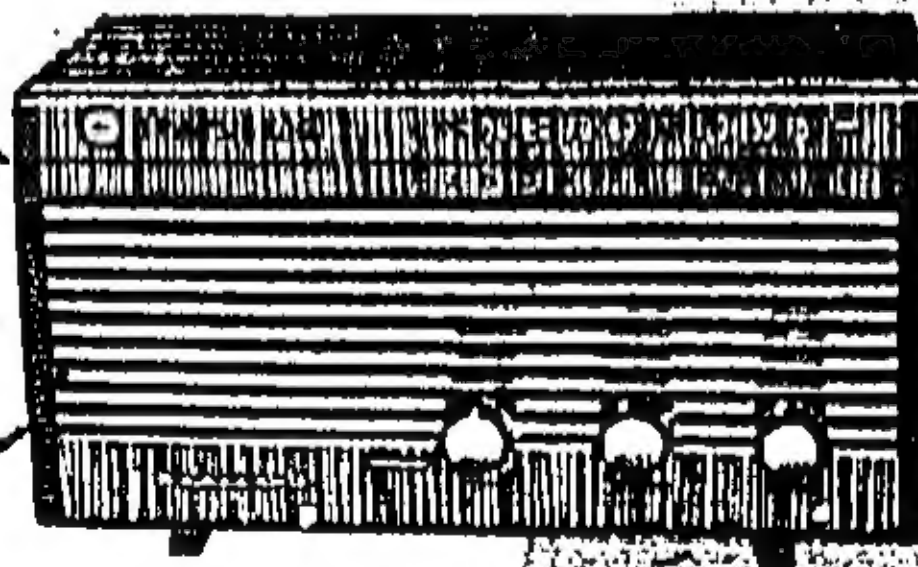


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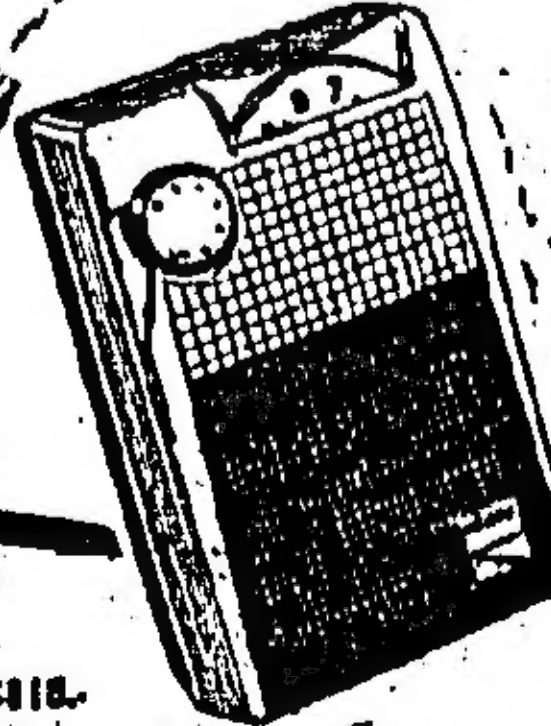
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Li Li-hwa In Hollywood

—The Full Story



WHY did Hongkong's top film star, given a big role in Hollywood, refuse to kiss actor Victor Mature? Here in a candid interview with a China Mail reporter, Li Li-hwa reveals the truth for the first time. She also gives her impressions of the world's movie capital and explains the reasons for her great admiration for Hollywood's famed producer, Cecil de Mille.

By DAVID LAN

HOLLYWOOD'S glamour boy, Victor Mature, had nothing to do with Li Li-hwa's refusal to take part in a kissing scene shot at the M-G-M studios in America last year. As Hongkong's top movie star aptly put it: "We Chinese simply don't kiss in public... my refusal wasn't meant to offend, it's just that I haven't been brought up to do such things."

With that comment in an exclusive interview with the China Mail, Li Li-hwa last week cleared up what threatened at one time to impair international relations.

Crossing her legs gracefully, the petite star smiled, adding: "In Chinese films and on the stage, we usually put love across by some other round-about method and often with more effective results."

It all happened when she went to Hollywood under a personal contract to the film titan, Mr Cecil B. de Mille, for whom she was full of admiration.

"Oh, his pair of kindly eyes!" she exclaimed. "Behind them a brain that always thinks ahead of time. That's what makes a man really young!"

Her impressions of the filmland giant revealed how this unique man works and lives.

"He looks only fiftyish, though he is over seventy," she recalled. "Believe it or not, he's up and in the office by 9 a.m. Sometimes he has lunch in the studio."

"What impressed me most is that he attends to every detail himself. He views at least two films a day in his private projection room."

Asked of her first meeting with him, she said, "After I put up in the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood, he invited me to lunch. He consoled me,

her films have never let down the box-office.

But she really rose to the top after V-J. Day in 1945 when "The Barber Takes A Wife" in which she played the lead lady, sent all Shanghai haircutters out on strike. She was given full-length treatment in Life magazine. She came to Hongkong in 1948.

"I don't be frightened. But I was really frightened at the mammoth Vistavision set in his studio." And Hollywood itself? "Oh, it's great!" exclaimed the raven-haired beauty. "They have the best equipment, staff, talent, and facilities in the world. And the way they work!"

She named Montgomery Clift as her favourite American male actor because "his talent is wonderful. His part in 'From Here To Eternity' is unforgettable!"

Born of a theatrical family in Shanghai in 1927, the five-foot-two-inch Chinese movie queen began her career at the tender age of 12 when she first set foot on an opera stage.

At 15 she invaded the screen by starring in her first picture, "Three Laughs," produced by the Yi Hua Studio in Peking. Since then she has never looked back.

It is said that throughout the 19 years of her career,



"It was stipulated in a clause that there should be no kisses and no low-cut dresses for me," said the Oriental beauty. "You have never seen me in swimming or bathing suits on the screen, have you?" she asked.

She was right. A search of my memory failed to recall a single film of her in which she was called upon to wear a bathing suit.

How was the bottleneck solved. It was "by way of beating around the bush!" quipped the China doll.

It was when that picture was nearing completion that Mr Yuen Chuen, now her husband, arrived in the U.S. planning a world tour with her and also to make a picture "Bouncing Around the Globe."

They were then naively counting on the local technicians in New York, London, Paris, Rome, and other work capitals to shoot on location for them.

To their consternation, they found that everywhere the technicians had handed themselves into unions who controlled units of cameramen, sound-recorders, and other members for hire, and laid down rules that demanded eight-hour days, five-day weeks and considerable salaries.

On top of that there was rent for equipment. All in all, the cost would have been too high for a Hongkong producer as her husband put it.

Thus the couple flew back to Hongkong on October 18 last. Li Li-hwa first met her husband when he put on a sparkling performance at the Lafayette Theatre.

Yuen Chuen, producer-director and actor with more than 200 films to his credit, is concurrently producer-manager of the Golden Dragon Film Productions, general manager of Cathay Films Ltd, and a director under contract to the Shaw's Organisation.

Since she returned from Hollywood, Miss Li has appeared in three Golden Dragon productions: "Love For Sale," "The Yuen Yuen Hung Story," and "A Romantic Lady."

She plans to shuttle between Hollywood and Hongkong, and next year she may go on a world tour with her husband.

At the interview, she was dressed in an informal sleeveless silk blouse and shimmering golden tassel trousers. The skin-tight trousers were made of material seldom seen in Hongkong, and aroused my curiosity. "What is it?" I asked.

"Some of the newest stuff made in America," she said, pulling away at the material and letting go of it with a snap. "You see, it's elastic. I bought it at Las Vegas."

"What are your hobbies, Miss Li?"

"Well, movies, picnics, swimming, tennis, and occasionally a bridge party. But I really seldom go out."

Fan letters? "Averaging about a 1,000 a week."

The glamorous star prefers Chinese dishes. She can do quite a bit of cooking too.

And, ladies, here is what she had to say on keeping herself beautiful: "That's a gift of nature. But all that I can say is 'Relax' and 'Take it easy.'"

Her "vital statistics?" Giggling, she gave the movie star's stock answer: "No Comment."

The Show Goes On

Sir Laurence Olivier, aged 51, says of his approach to his next film role as Macbeth: "When you're a young man Macbeth is a character role. When you're older it's a straight part."

American comic Alan King cracked in the Judy Garland show at the Dominion last October: "I hope I never get so successful that Judy won't be able to afford to have me in the show." Then he confessed that he was in the show for half his usual £1,000-a-week salary, so that Judy could afford him.

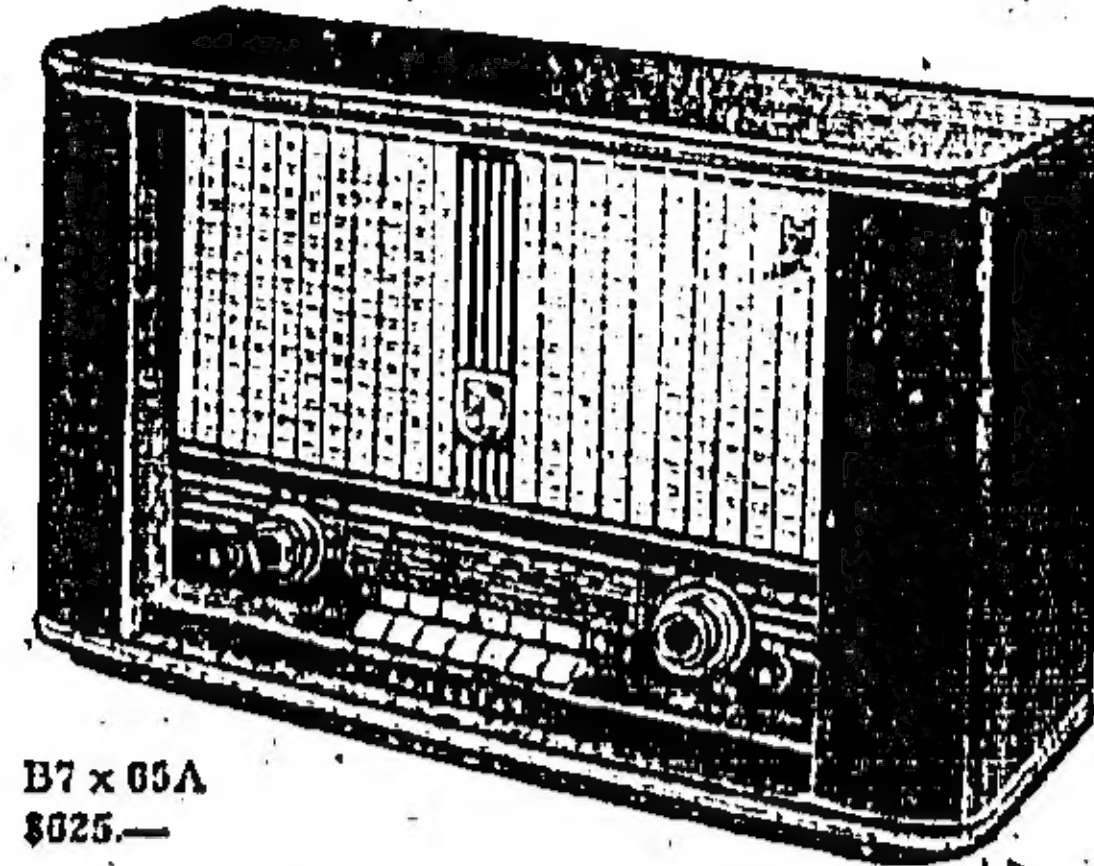
Jayne Mansfield says: "I would say that the big difference marriage has made to me is that I now try to be a conservative dresser."

Channing Pollock, the 31-year-old American magician, is to throw up his £300-a-week conjuring act to become an actor. He has been secretly studying the "Method" at the London Actors' Studio for the last six months. Says he: "As a magician I have reached the top. At 31, that is a very frustrating level."

JEFFREY HUNTER says: "An actor who says he never sees his own films is about as believable as a man who says he never uses a mirror to stare."

PHILIPS

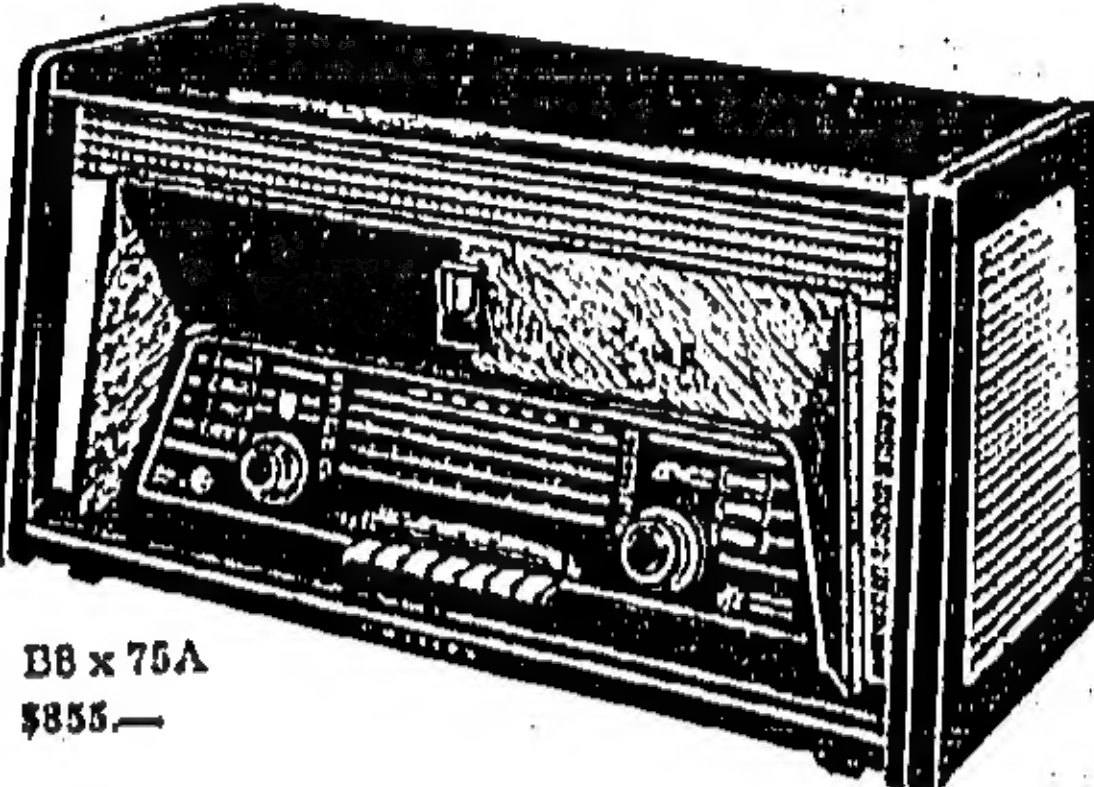
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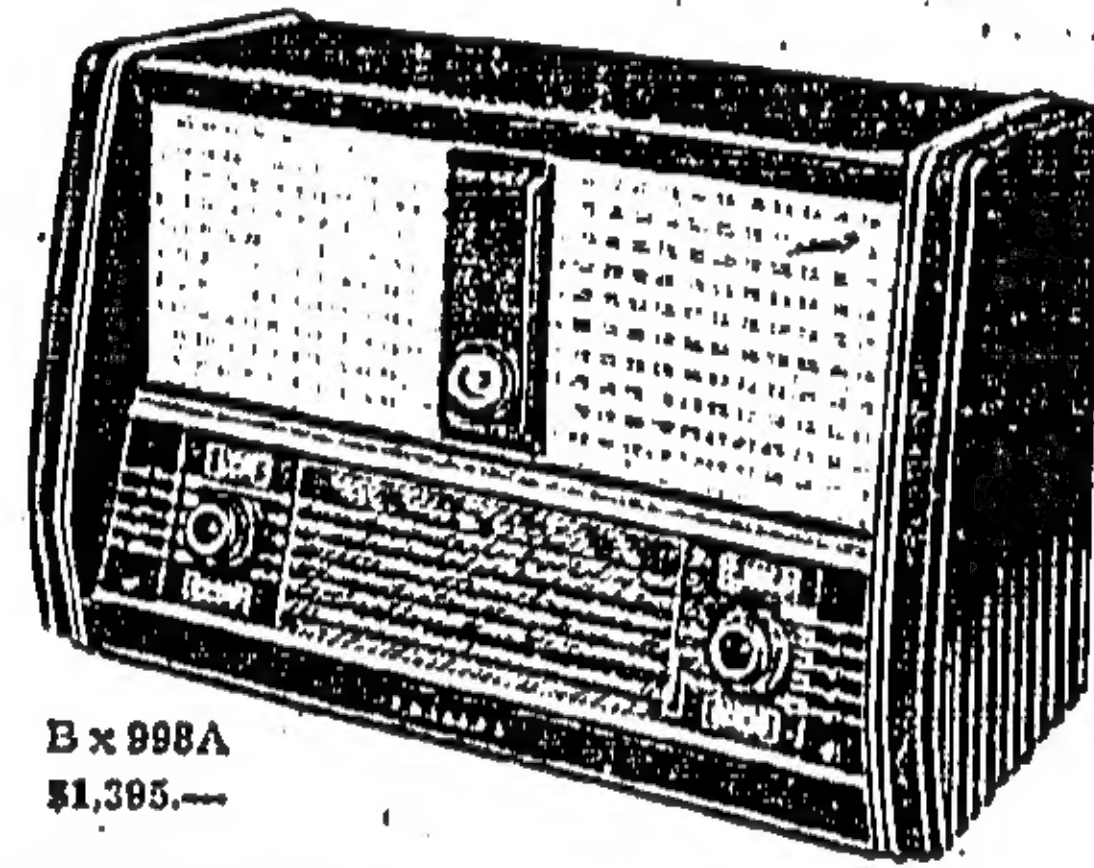
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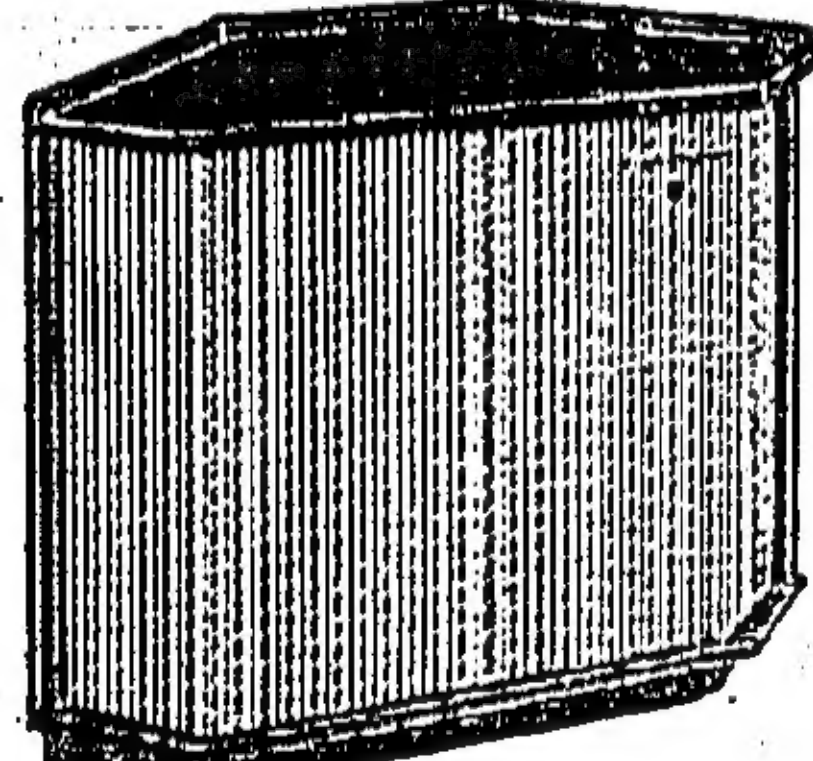
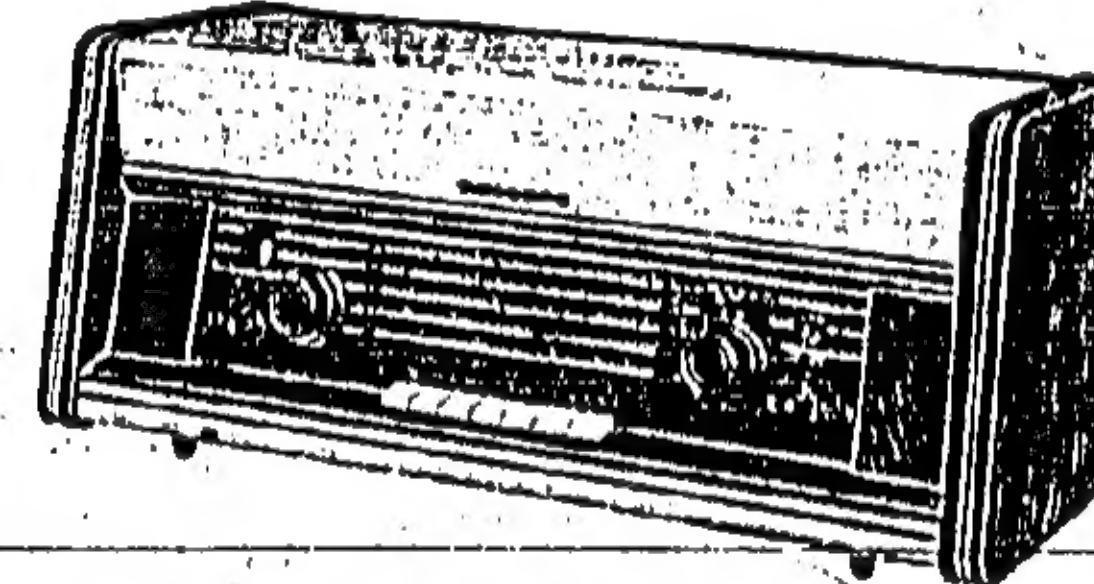
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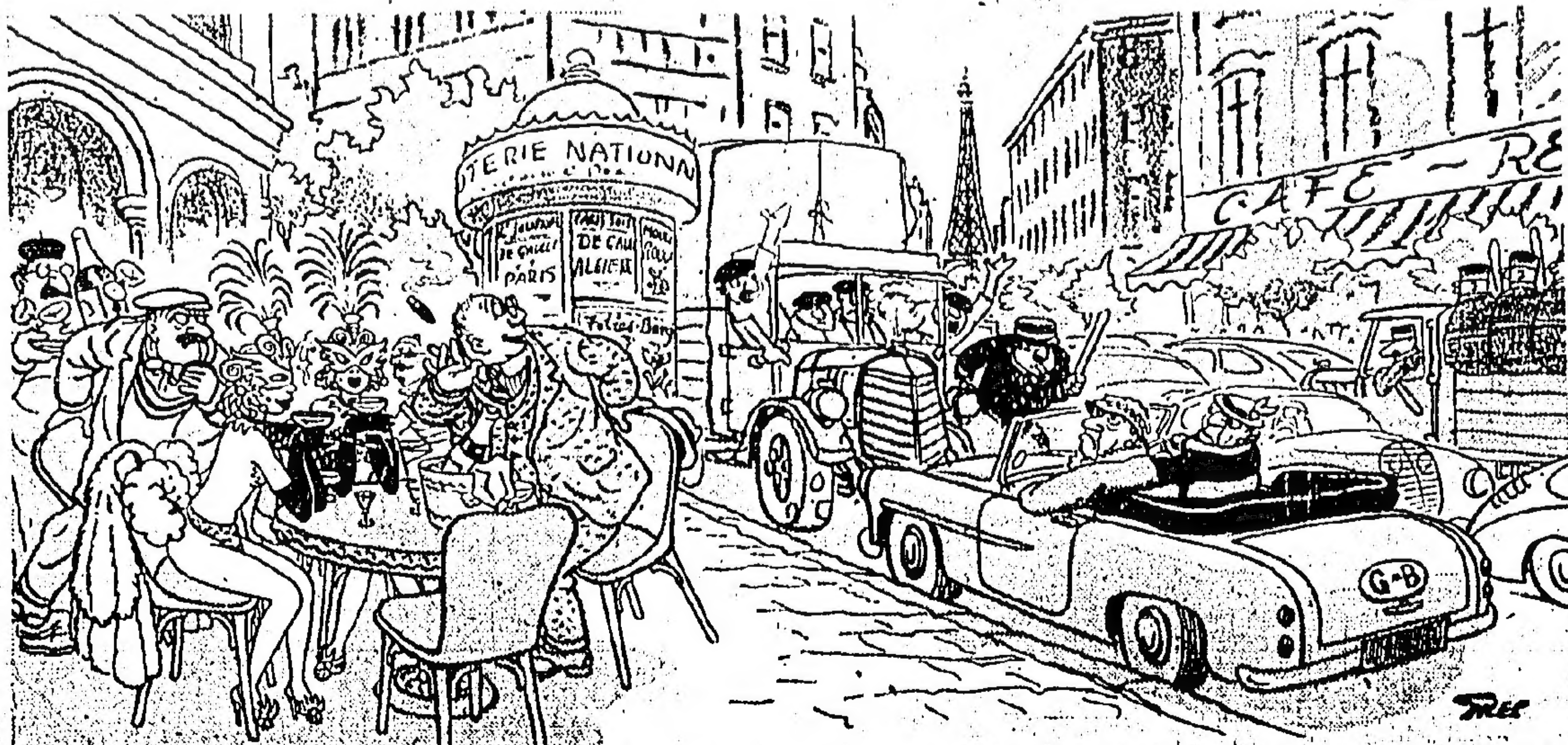
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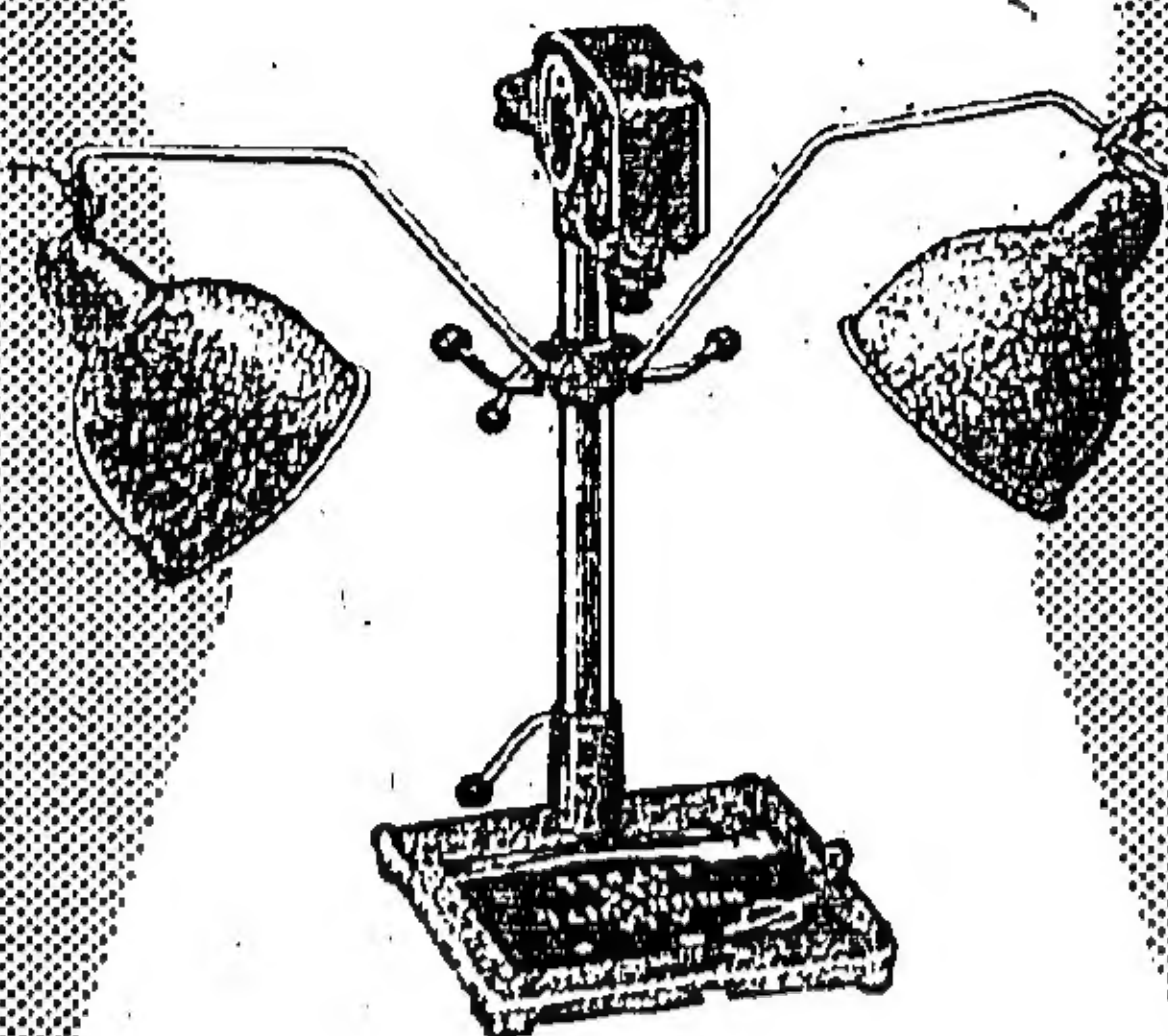
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SENSATIONS OF SPORT NO. 3.....BY JOHN COTTRELL

THE BODY-LINE BOWLING WAR

A DOLF HITLER becomes the new ruler of Germany. That news shook the world on Monday, January 30, 1933. Yet in England on that fateful day, public attention was captured by a front-page dispatch headlined: AUSTRALIA SENDS SECRET CABLE TO M.C.C.

This news aroused nationwide anxiety. For, as everyone knew, that cable could mean the end of Test cricket between England and Australia.

Only a dispute of the ugliest nature could kill this traditional meeting between the two great cricket powers. And such a dispute had been raging for months over England's leg-theory attack in the 1932-33 Test series.

The Australian Board of Control had protested to the M.C.C. In reply, the M.C.C. had offered to cancel the remainder of England's tour of Australia.

Now universally known as "body-line bowling," the leg-theory attack caused the bitterest controversy in cricket history. It roused Australian spectators to near frenzy, and severely tested Anglo-Australian relations. It also ruined the career of that brilliant cricketer, Harold "Little Lol" Larwood, the long-haired ex-miner of Nottingham, who was hailed as England's greatest fast bowler.

Larwood was England's natural choice to carry out the leg-theory attack, devised to check the heavy scoring of Australian batsmen in general, and of Don Bradman in particular. And that made him his own executioner.

By taking 33 wickets in the five Tests, he was chiefly responsible for bringing the Ashes back to England. Yet, after that series, he never bowled for his country again.

Unprecedented

By now, all Australia was demanding a ban on "body-line." An Australian Judge, Justice Sheppard, went so far as to say: "Leg-theory bowling is covered by the criminal law under which it is a serious offence recklessly and wantonly to harm any person, even without malice."

So it was that, on January 10, 1933, the Australian Board of Control took the unprecedented step of complaining to the M.C.C. Their message said: "Body-line bowling has assumed such proportions as to menace the best interests of the game. In our view it is unsportsmanlike."

The M.C.C. refused the suggestion that there had been unsportsmanlike play and offered to cancel the rest of the tour. But the Australians replied that the sportsmanship of the England side was not in question.

So the tour continued—and so did the public outcry against "body-line." The critics complained that it was highly dangerous because leg fielders crowded so closely around the batsman that he could not deliver himself without offering a catch.

If the Australians' case had been stated with less emotion, it might have carried some weight. There was reason for believing that leg-theory was not in the best interests of the game. Indeed, some English counties threatened to refuse to play against it in 1934. But complaints that it was purely an attempt to intimidate batsmen were not supported by the facts.

Larwood bowled 1,777 balls on the tour and only two batsmen were severely hit. One of them—Oldfield—admitted that it was his own fault. And the balls which hit Woodfull were both outside the OFF stump.

Larwood argued: "If I was bowling at the body, how was it I kept hitting the wickets and getting men out b.w.?"

Jeering

As a result, Larwood had to endure more booing and jeering than any other tourist in cricket history. Over 50,000 spectators would pour a deluge of every step he took on his 20-odd strides to the wicket. Crowds barracked him on and off the field; he was viciously attacked in the press.

Week by week during this acrimonious Test tour, the outcry against "body-line" grew stronger. And it became nearly deafening during the third Test at Adelaide, when Bill Woodfull and Bertie Oldfield were both hit by Larwood's express deliveries.

Woodfull was hit twice, and Oldfield played a ball into his own face. The enraged crowd shouted abuse, and an invasion

of the pitch seemed imminent. Larwood was besieged by more than a hundred hooligans, who boarded his train at a railway station and tried to force their way into his compartment. He said he would never visit Australia again.

The "body-line" controversy raged on until the summer of 1934. Mr. W. J. Johnson, an Australian selector, claimed that the adoption of such tactics was "England's confession that she was beaten at cricket."

V. V. Richardson, the Australian vice-captain, said the continuation of body-line would kill the game.

Finally, the M.C.C. and the Australian Board reached an understanding that "a form of bowling which was obviously a direct attack by a bowler upon the batsman would be an offence against the spirit of the game."

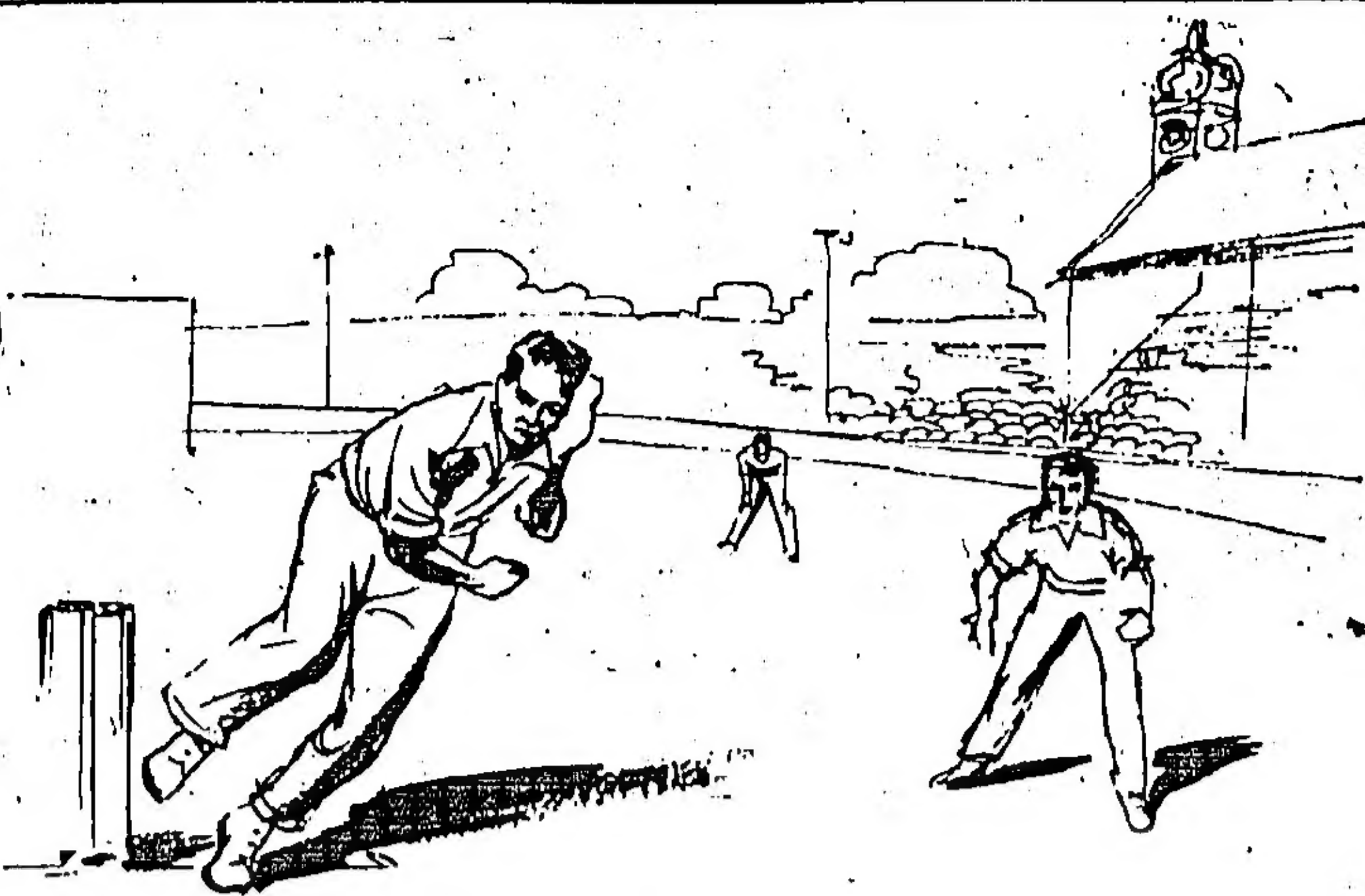
But there was no precise ruling on the matter. It was left up to the captains to discourage such attacks. And in 1934 everyone wondered if there would be more ugly scenes during the Australian tour of England.

But further trouble was avoided because the selectors dropped Larwood from the England side. It seemed to many people that England's greatest fast bowler had been sacrificed for the sake of Anglo-Australian friendship.

Foot Injury

It was said that the old foot injury kept Larwood out of the Tests. But he asserted that he was perfectly fit—and his county cricket performances proved his point. In June, 1934, shortly before the second Test, he took six wickets for one run in a bowling spell against Lancashire.

In July, Larwood stated that he had been sacrificed to political influences. But this was denied by Mr. J. H. Thorneycroft, the Dominion Secretary, and by Lord



Australian batsman Bertie Oldfield played a fast ball from Larwood into his own face. The enraged crowd shouted abuse, and an invasion of the pitch seemed imminent.

Hallisham, Secretary for War and the previous year's M.C.C. president.

Unfortunately, Larwood had not helped matters by his outspokenness after the 1932-33 tour. He had said he would not play against an Australian captain (meaning Woodfull) who regarded him as unsportsmanlike. And he had declared his reluctance to stop using the leg-theory which he had perfected in Australia.

The "body-line" dispute virtually ended Larwood's great career. He never bowled for England again and he had only five more seasons in county cricket.

The man who terrorised Australia's greatest batsmen with his fantastic pace bowling gradually ran down to a fast-medium merchant. After retiring from cricket, he opened a sweet shop.

Then, in 1950 the Harold Larwood story took an ironic twist. He emigrated to Australia and settled happily in the country where 18 years earlier he had suffered so much abuse.

ENDS



"VIVE PHILMIPIN --- ER PFLUMFLIN --- ER PFLMLUNG --- ER DE GAULLE!"

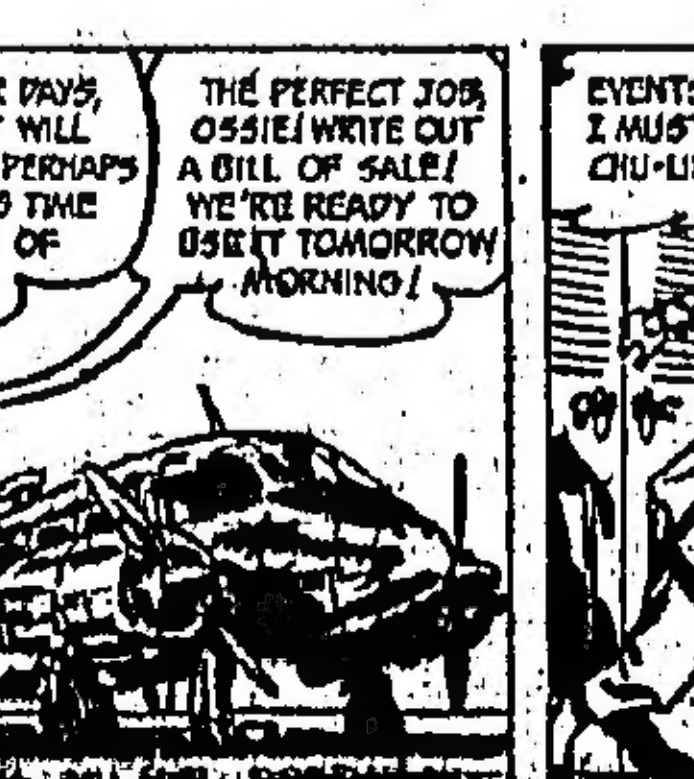
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



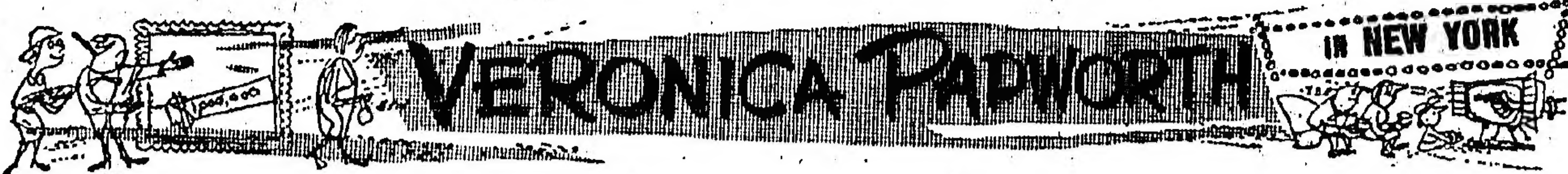
JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Such gorgeous women... but so synthetic

THEY are fantastic, these American women. I have never seen so many absolutely perfect yet utterly characterless characters. Everywhere I go there are women looking like tear-outs from the page of the glossiest possible magazines. They come in all shapes and sizes like liquorice allsorts and like allsorts one soon gets to recognise the varieties.

These women are the perfect example of "why not-ery."

WHY NOT try a red hair-rinse with a stark white make-up? ...and there she is with hair like a burning bush, just the right lipstick, and (a carefully studied touch of daring) a pink sheath dress.

WHY NOT give yourself the Baby Doll look? ...and here's an astounded blonde with every curl carefully tousled, great surprised eyebrows artfully drawn, and round blue eyes circled with an even half-inch of shadow.

What's more, she keeps her eyes wide open all the time—just like the coloured pictures.

WHY NOT experiment with the Clara Bow type...the Sultry Brunette look? New York has them all.

Even their gait seems contrived. Seeing them "giving out" so brightly—wise-cracking, eyes darting this way and that—I sense the heading: "Why not try an evening out with pep pills?"

IRRESISTIBLE

TOOTLING along East 57th Street, I was rocked in my tracks by the biggest Urtis have ever seen—a good 10ft. of excitement on canvas. "Irresistible isn't it?" said Victor J. Hammer, the owner of the gallery. I told him it had certainly beckoned me inside.

auctioneer begged for a bid from the main room. Said he'd never live it down if he sold a masterpiece to a guy who couldn't get in.

"Who bought it? Alice Goulanski. He's what we call a poor Greek. He got only a small shipping line."

SO RELAXED

THE last time I saw Sally Ann Howes we were driving through Hyde Park together and she told me she was off to the States for "something exciting."

"So that was 'My Fair Lady'?" I said, meeting her again in New York, in her calm, so-tranquil black and cream drawing-room, and thanking my lucky stars for her air-conditioning (New York is sticky hot).

"No," said Sally Ann, "that was Richard."

Richard Adler is now her husband.

I asked her plans, knowing that she had signed on for only 12 months of M.F.L.

"Goodness knows I don't want to tie myself up. The only tied-up feeling I like is marriage. I'm tickled pink with the offer I've had. That's the exciting thing about New York—a kind of chain reaction."

"One good thing leads to another."

"But I must come home first."

"My father's been over, you know. He adored it. He had such a welcome. They're darling these Americans, aren't they?" (I agreed warmly.) "After nine months I get quite a shock when English friends 'ring

At last—a sack that really is terrific

TRUST the American women to get round the sack. look. They're not wearing any curve-concealing clothes—well, not after the first fuss has died down—no SIR. And the best of luck to them.

So they have introduced "see-through" sacks worn over skin-tight underdresses.

The actual sack is in fine lace, organza, or tulle—worn for late day and evening.

The effect is terrific.

MYSTERIOUS

It makes good figures look mysterious and as for the not-so-good...well, you can't be certain.

Seems to me "see through" sacks could solve lots of figure problems.

I'm amused to note that the new clothes lines are unanimously ignored on TV—apart from gags and funny cross-talk pieces.

The answer seems to be that the MEN behind the cameras can't stand them.

Hit Parade's Jilly Corey told me: "I don't have a thing to

say about what I wear on television, but none of the men directing the show would let me wear a sack."

EMPHASISED

Fatti Page had another comment: "Even if you are thin a camera puts some weight on you. The smallest thing about me is my waist and they (the designer, director, and producer) go all out to emphasise it."

Comedian George Burns cracked the other night that a woman in the latest shape "looks like a mama kangaroo with the whole family at home."

"See through" should take care of that.

IDEAS... they're full of them.

FAT and 40?—not this Spring Dieter

LIKE so many pretty women in their forties, Mrs Joan Waldeck, of Station Road, Barnes, was spoiling the whole effect by overweight.

"Too many inches and too many pounds," was the heart-city of our fifth and final Spring Diet volunteer.

For her Helen Burke planned a long-term low-calorie diet for steady weight reduction, aiming at an intake of never more than 850 calories a day.

FIGURES

When Mrs Waldeck started, we clocked her weight at 13st. 7lb. and measurements were 44in., 36in., 45in.—much too heavy for her height of 5ft. 4in.

After five weeks of faithful dieting—"I only broke it once on my birthday"—she has already lost nearly two stone and her measurements are now 40in., 31in., 42in.

WIZARD

"I feel wizard now," reports Mrs Waldeck. "It was not difficult and I am much better for it."

Encouraged by her proud husband and fourteen-year-old daughter, she's determined to stick to Helen's Fat and Forty Regime and get down to her previous 9st 7lb.

BRETON HAT

For her prize-winning outfit we took Mrs Waldeck shopping for a summery outfit that will take her to Ascot, Wimbledon and other smart events.

She fitted perfectly into a 42in.-hip dress of navy blue silk.



moon-thank-you bride. I'd rather start right off with the fun of organizing my new home and getting to know my husband on common ground. And rather than have the whole cake all at once I would prefer a holiday ahead of us in the not-too-distant future.

Your vote

What do YOU think? Do you vote for the sentimental bliss of those honeymoon weeks? Or do you share the views of many modern brides that it is better to get on with the job and plan for a holiday together later when you have learned to understand and enjoy one another's company?

—(London Express Service).

Are honeymoons losing their glamour?...

WHITSUN bride with a new slant on honeymoons is actress Pauline Jameson. She married over the holiday, moved straight into her newly-decorated Maida Vale flat and went back to work.

Later in the year she will take a holiday with her new husband, Wing Commander Leslie Lewington, director of a Mayfair plastics company.

Unromantic? Perhaps. But many young brides of this modern age will agree with her.

The honeymoon is losing its glamour and becoming slightly old-fashioned.

An essential foundation?

Sentimentalists will argue that this two or three weeks of unmitigated bliss is an essential foundation to a happy marriage, something to look back upon with misty eyes in later years.

But what is the brutal truth? All too often it is beset by financial post-wedding worries, adjustment difficulties and lack of common interests.

These modern brides have the right idea. Settling up house today is an expensive affair. Few young couples have the opportunity to save much with present taxation and once the new home in ready they are usually stony broke.

How much wiser to allow themselves time to recover financially so that they can enjoy their first holiday together without counting the pennies.

By EILEEN ASCROFT

When two young people set up house there are all sorts of adjustments to be made.

However much in love, they have got to learn to live together and understand one another. This is much more easily done in the privacy and security of their own home than in some strange hotel under the amused and all too interested eyes of strangers.

Another thing. From now on most of their hobbies and interests will be mutual ones. These common bonds take time to develop, but will give them far more shared fun when they

can take their first joint break from everyday work. The old idea of having a honeymoon belongs to the age when women did not work.

It was largely invented to give the bride a brief period of adjustment to her married state, without plunging her suddenly into the rather terrifying loneliness of an empty home when the husband was out at work.

That no longer applies today when the average bride goes right on with her job. If I were marrying today I would certainly be a no-honey-

When she is able to swallow double cream to make it go down more easily. Vanilla, strawberry and raspberry ice cream, food milk shakes—strawberry, raspberry, orange, banana, black currant, coffee or chocolate.

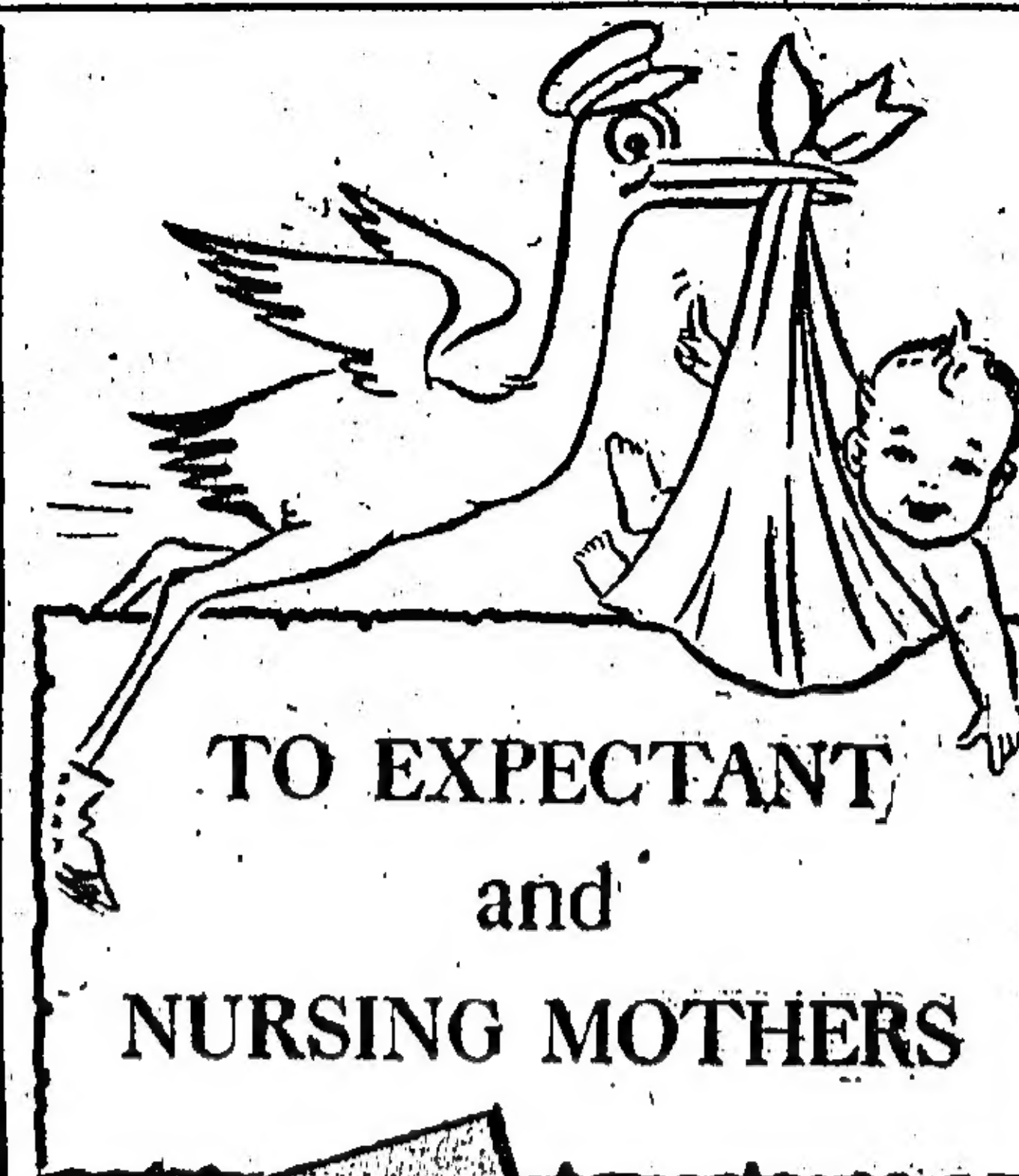
MILK SHAKES FOR A ROYAL SORE THROAT

MANY mothers must have wondered just how a royal invalid is coaxed to eat when her throat is sore.

The most diet that is followed at Great Ormond Street Hospital, where Princess Anne had

her tonsils out, is guaranteed to break down the most stubborn resistance. It is simple, light, varied, and delicious. Any mother with a child who needs coaxing can follow it.

For the first 24 hours the Princess could choose from



Baby's First Years RECORD BOOK and The Lactogen MOTHER BOOK

THE LACTOGEN MOTHER BOOK is an 79 page publication with a commonsense approach to all the important aspects of Motherhood. Not only during the days of waiting but during the early months of life when there will be laid the foundation of a happy and healthy childhood. This publication covers such subjects as preparation for Motherhood, the premature baby, the first months, baby's routine, Artificial feeding, breast feeding, teething, minor ailments associated with infancy.

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FATHER'S DAY
(Sunday, June 15)





OTTO Preminger, famous Hollywood producer and director is greeted (above) on arrival at Kai Tak Airport last week, by Hongkong movie star Yeh Fung. Interviewed by Radio Hongkong's John Wallace (below), Mr Preminger revealed that he was searching for a Chinese girl to play a leading role in his latest film. The interview will be broadcast tonight.



A BUSY week for Sir Robert and Lady Black—there was a visit to Central Fire Station (top) by His Excellency, a cocktail party at the Italian National Day reception held by the Italy's Consul-General, Count A. Figarola di Gropello (left), a tour of Grantham Hospital by His Excellency (left below), the opening of the Hongkong Art Club's Spring Exhibition at St John's Cathedral Hall by Lady Black (above) and a meeting with Britain's soccer idol, Stanley Matthews at the Government Stadium (below).



TOP: Mr Eduardo Pio dos Remedios and his bride, the former Miss Vilma Maria do Pinna, pose for photographers after their wedding at Rosary Church last week.

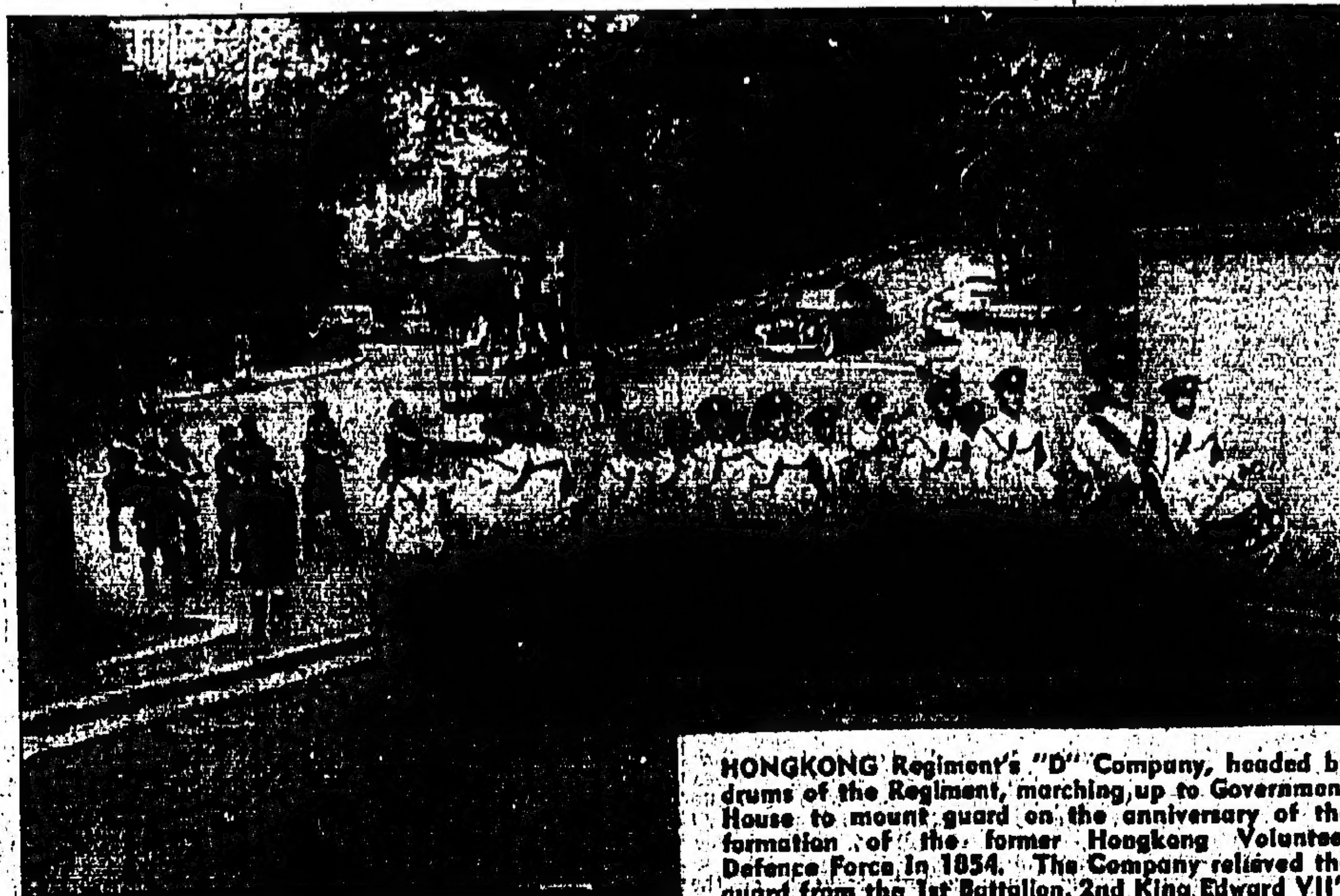
ABOVE: Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell, presents a letter of appreciation to one of 30 persons whose courage and public spirit aided the Police in apprehending criminals.

LEFT: Malaya's Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, receiving a bouquet of flowers from two Chinese movie starlets, Misses Ting Ling and Tong Dan, when he left for Kuala Lumpur this week.

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HONGKONG Regiment's "D" Company, headed by drums of the Regiment, marching up to Government House to mount guard on the anniversary of the formation of the former Hongkong Volunteer Defence Force in 1854. The Company relieved the guard from the 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles for 24 hours.

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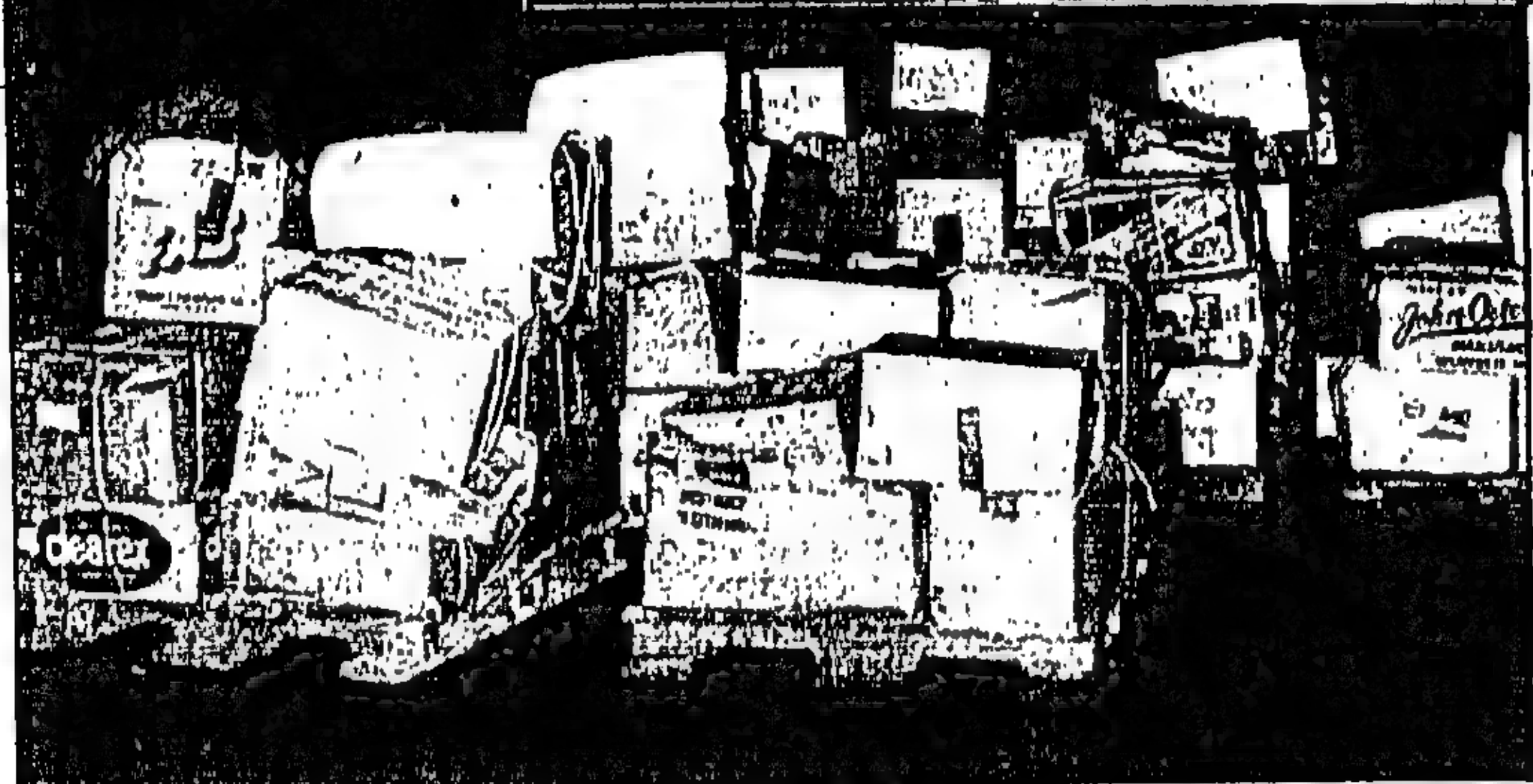
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GILMANS



SEVEN tons of clothing and food from the United States for distribution in Hongkong, were handed over this week aboard the U.S. aircraft carrier Shangri-la. At right, Mr P. L. Yang, secretary of the Christian Children Fund, Hongkong office, thanks some of the men who contributed to the clothing collection. Below are seen part of the huge pile of crates stacked for delivery to designated charity organisations.



RIGHT above: His Excellency the Governor voicing his appreciation of the fine work done by the St John's Ambulance Association for Hongkong during the Association's third annual general meeting last week at the Legislative Council Chamber, Colonial Secretariat.

★

RIGHT: The eight Pan American Airways passengers who passed through the Colony after their airliner skidded off the runway of Manila's International Airport while landing last week in heavy rain, and crashed killing one.

★

LEFT: Sir Kenneth F. Coles, President of the International Society for the Welfare of Cripples, chats with a young inmate of the Children's Convalescent Home, Sandy Bay. In foreground is Mr F. T. Melwani.



HONGKONG'S Elvis "The Pelvis" Presley?—His name is Alfred Tan, and his guitar playing combined with body gyrations and a rendition of the currently popular rock 'n' roll hit tune "Don't Be Cruel" at Radio Hongkong's "Beginners Please" programme earlier this week was warmly applauded by the audience and won him a place in the finals. Compare John Wallace declares that Alfred's performance was "the nearest thing to Presley I've ever seen in the Colony."



AMERICAN pianist Gary Graffman at a tea reception last week. He gave a well-received recital at Lake Law Hall on Saturday.

★

LEFT: English comedienne Anna Russell revealing the mysteries of an undressed bagpipe to members of the Hongkong Rotary Club on Tuesday. "It never appears in public unless fully clothed," she quipped during the Club's weekly luncheon at which she was guest of honour.



THE Colony's American residents attended a solemn Memorial Day service last week at the Saiwan Military Cemetery when community representatives laid wreaths on graves of U.S. soldiers buried there. Seen is the firing party from the U.S.S. Floyd Bay. The service included the playing of "Taps" by a bugler and the raising of the Stars and Stripes from half mast to full staff. The Rev. Father James F. Smith conducted the rites.

★

By CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS

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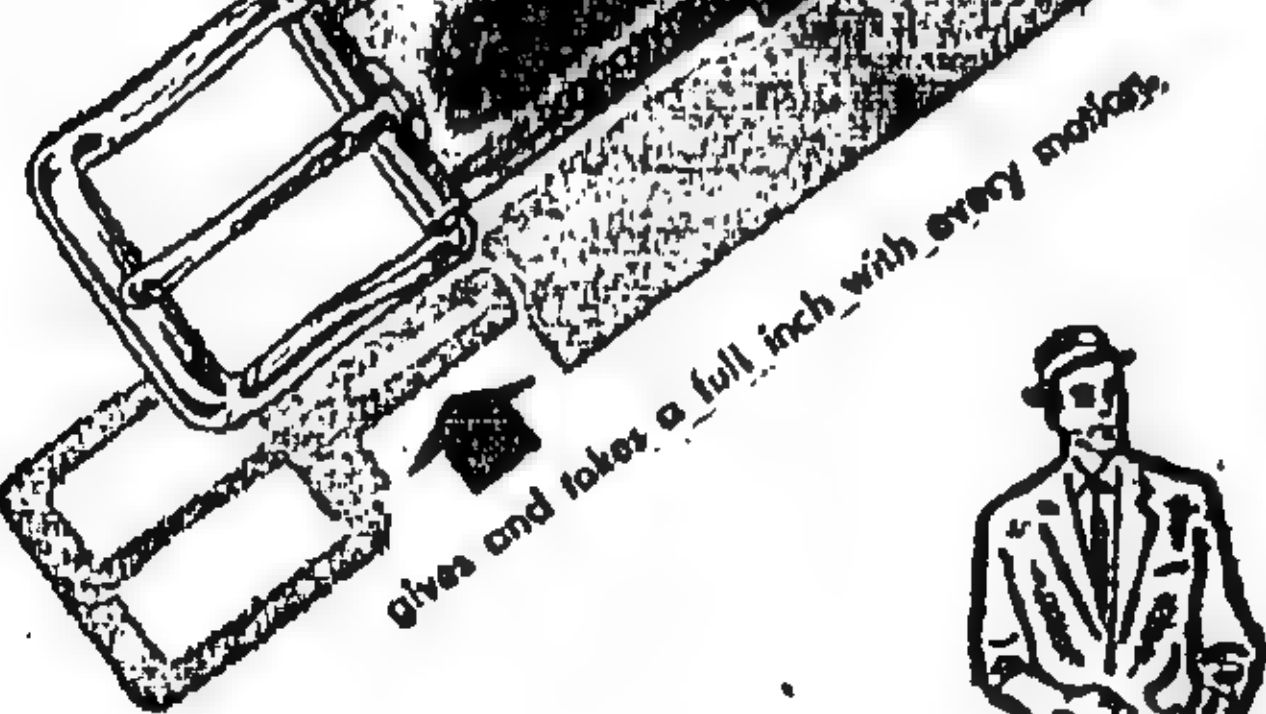
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FATHERS DAY

Sunday, June 15

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Nail Polish Helps Feet To Appear Much Prettier



SEPARATE TOES with wads of cotton and you'll find it easy to give yourself a pedicure without smearing polish.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

ARE your feet pretty?

Don't feel too badly if they aren't. You're not alone! Even the prettiest models seldom have good feet, and this bit of information is passed along by an authority.

DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT
A friend of ours, who's in advertising, says the most difficult assignment is finding a model with pretty feet to pose for open-toed shoes or exercise slippers.

"There's just about no such thing," he says. "If the feet are pretty, and it's rare, then the model herself is too fat or too thin or not attractive."

The trouble with women's feet is usually shoes. At some point or other, they wore the wrong kind so—zing!—corns,

callouses, disfiguring red spots! Make the best of bad feet by giving them care. A tip to the chiropodist will keep corns from looking too unsightly and will remove hard callouses.

You'll find, too, that a pedicure does wonders to beautifully feet. Toenails, which are not as nicely shaped as fingernails, look lots better under a coat of pretty polish. Schedule a pedicure when you manicure.

Don't file toenails. Clip them—and not at the sides; this can cause ingrown toenails. Instead, cut them straight across.

Follow the same steps you use for your manicure (base, two coats of polish, sealer). You'll have an easier time of it if you put wads of cotton between the toes to separate them before you paint on polish.

How To Grow Younger While Growing Older

By ANNE HEYWOOD

"A MAN'S grasp," as the poet said, "should exceed his reach, else what's a heaven for?"

It is a terribly important, particularly as we get into middle life, that we have a project bigger than we are—a thing so difficult, and with such a far horizon, that it keeps us going on and on.

There's no other way I know to keep interested and enthusiastic up to keep intellectual muscles exercised and to make tomorrow a thing worth looking forward to.

STUDIED PIANO
I was pretty pleased with myself when, on my 42nd birthday I began to study piano. I felt it was quite reasonable for anyone my age to be starting anything so overwhelming and to which so many people have devoted their whole lives.

You can imagine, therefore, how I felt when I came across Angela Diller who, at 80, is the author of a new and exciting book called "The Splendour of Music."

At an age when most people would have resigned themselves more or less happily to the rocking chair, Miss Diller received a Guggenheim Foundation award which, as she put it, helped her secure leisure for writing this book. Most people have nothing but leisure at Miss Diller's age!

FAVOURITE QUOTATIONS
The title of Miss Diller's book is based on one of my own favourite quotations from Robert Browning which says, in effect, that "what we must do is to open a way 'whence the imprisoned splendour may escape.'"

In her foreword, Miss Diller points out:

"This book conceals itself with two 'imprisoned splendours.'"

"The first is the splendour of music that lies behind the symbols on printed pages. This music has a life of its own and is waiting to be released by us as we translate these symbols into sounds."

"The other imprisoned splendour is the innate capacity for

understanding and creating music that resides in almost every human soul."

It is an enchanting book and it proves my point. In each of us there is an imprisoned splendour waiting to be released. It is probably something that we consider quite foolish—writing poetry, painting or something quite alien to our common, everyday lives. We may rationalise and pretend that it's just too silly or that we haven't the time or that people would think we were crazy. But whatever it is, there is a great deal to be gained by doing it, crazy or not.

It is quite likely that no direct benefit will come from it—I know that I shall never gain fame or fortune at the keyboard—but it is bound to have enormous, indirect rewards.

NEW EXPERIENCES
It will lead us into new and interesting experiences; it will develop, as we said before, the muscles of our mind and emotions and it will bring a lustre and added importance into the ordinary things that we do in our everyday lives.

Most of all, it will keep us young—as young as sparkling and as forward-looking as Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Let's start with this: Should spaghetti be cooked covered or uncovered?

May Sell Over
The answer is "uncovered." If covered, the condensation of the kettle may boil over.

During the process of cooking, a thin residue of gluten and starch from the spaghetti may form on the surface of the water. This will cause steam to concentrate at the edge of the kettle where there is less resistance and so force the water up and over.

The spaghetti will, as it is possible to make a good quick Italian style meat sauce?

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HOW YOU CAN HELP THE MAN YOU LOVE:

Wives can TALK to help their husbands..

But it's the way you do it that counts

by PHOEBE YOUNG

DO you ever talk to your husband? I mean, really talk, as pals?

Or are you too busy, too tired, or too bored? It is a pity if you are because if you want to help your husband, talking is one of the best ways.

It helps, of course—but don't think it vital—it you have done the same job as your husband. Like Dorothy Quayle, wife of Anthony Quayle, director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, who has lived and breathed theatre all her life.

She is the daughter of actress Dorothy Dickson, and before her marriage was on the stage as Dorothy Hyson.

"I gave it up when I married, but I feel no yearning to go back," she says. "I find I'm more in the theatre being Tony's wife than-I would be acting."

"As for helping him—I suppose my being in the theatre helps. I can often give him advice about casting and so on—but I never expect my advice to be taken."

All hours

WHAT do you say when your husband wants to bring his friends home at all hours? Well, if you want to make him happy take a tip from Mrs Quayle.

"There is such a constant stream of people everywhere—we seem to burst out of our houses (at Stratford-on-Avon and South Kensington).

"Tony brings friends in at any time of day or night. He is the sort of man who works all the

time, yet we are not totally immersed in the theatre; he is also interested in writing and politics."

"The real trouble is that we try to have our cake and eat it. We try to see a lot of each other, a lot of our children, and a lot of our friends. It takes some organising to fit it all in smoothly, but I know I'm a bad organiser so I try extra hard."

"You see, my main job is to keep the company at Stratford happy. I try to make work there as attractive as possible for actors and actresses, to lure them away from London for a season. So I keep open house for them all, we give lots of parties, and they know they can always pop round and treat the house as their own."

And if your husband is anything like Anthony Quayle, listen to what his wife says—

"I think the main thing about helping a husband like mine is to stick the pace, pack in as much as life will hold, and keep calm."

Asks advice

HAVE you ever thought of helping your husband by criticising him? Or wouldn't you dare? Well, try the way of Lady Casson, wife of Sir Hugh Casson, the designer. They met at college, and now she has her own architect's practice and goes out to work every day—just as he does.



Quick And Easy Recipe For Italian Meat Sauce

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

RECENTLY, the Chef and I attended a gay dinner dance which was held in the elegant Serp Room of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Our host was a world-famous newspaper syndicate and the guests included newspaper columnists, writers, cartoonists, important executives and members of the press.

The first course had just been served. There was a slight lull in the music when a woman seated opposite me leaned forward and asked, "Mrs Allen, do you recommend cooking spaghetti with the lid on or off?"

Main Topic

Everybody at the table picked up their pens. From then on throughout the evening food questions came thick and fast. Sometimes interesting talk about food can top party conversation.

In our column this week the Chef and I will answer the most interesting questions. Let's start with this:

Should spaghetti be cooked covered or uncovered?

May Sell Over
The answer is "uncovered." If covered, the condensation of the kettle may boil over.

During the process of cooking, a thin residue of gluten and starch from the spaghetti may form on the surface of the water. This will cause steam to concentrate at the edge of the kettle where there is less resistance and so force the water up and over.

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The spaghetti will, as it is possible to make a good quick Italian style meat sauce?

The Chef gave the recipe between dances, while the guests made notes.

Quick Italian Meat Sauce:
Heat 2 tsp. vegetable oil. Add 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ c. minced onion, 1 section minced garlic and ½ c. shredded green pepper. Saute until the vegetables are soft.

Add ¼ lb. chopped beef or half beef and veal. Saute until lightly browned, stirring with a fork.

Stir in 2 (8 oz.) cans tomato paste, 2 c. hot water, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper and ¼ tsp. oregano.

Simmer 30 min. Add 2 tsp. grated Parmesan and ½ tsp. grated Romano cheese.

Tomorrow's Dinner

Minestrone

Spaghetti

with Quick Meat Sauce

Big Tossed Green Salad

Strawberries

in Orange Juice

Ladyfingers

Coffee Tea Milk

ALL Measurements Are Level unless otherwise stated.

recipes proportional to serve 4 to 6

Strawberries in Orange Juice:

Wash and hull 2 pt. baskets of strawberries.

Place in a bowl. Add ¼ c. sugar and 1 c. orange juice.

Chill 30 min.

Serve ladyfingers as an accompaniment.

Trick of the Chef

Add a few crisp tender dandelion leaves and a little shredded dandelion (enjoy) when tossing a mixed greens salad bowl.



Dorothy Quayle tells you how to help HIM the talking way

Photo by GABON DENSE

They live just off Gloucester-road, S.W. in a house crammed full of Staffordshire figures, lustreware, and other evidence of the man who designed the Festival of Britain.

"When my husband asks my advice I give it—even if it is damning. It is far more helpful in the end. Sometimes, when he comes home, very tired, with a design he has worked himself silly on, it is hard to do this. It is easier to be superciliously sympathetic and say: 'That's lovely, don't bother any more.' But I don't think that is being really sympathetic."

"I say what I really think about his design—while trying to be sympathetic over the busy struggle he has had with it. A wife can only help by being sympathetic—but in the broadest sense. Another 'shop talker' is Lady Easton, wife of Sir John, conductor of the Halle Orchestra. They married in 1939.

"The all-powerful Mothers' Union, with its 475,510 paid-up members in the British Isles, contrasts strangely with its opposite number, the Church of England Men's Society, able to muster a mere 29,500."

From time to time revolts break out against this female preponderance. These are led in the main, by vicars who find themselves clasped too closely to the bosoms of their female organisations and struggle frantically to regain both their self-respect and independence.

They sigh

But for every headline "Vicar Shuns Mothers' Union," how many scores of ordinary clergy must, for the sake of peace and quiet, give in and allow themselves to be "run" by militant mothers. Such innumerable sighs for the right of one or two more masculine faces in their congregation.

If any real spiritual work is to be done in the churches of our land then men must begin once again to attend church.

None realise this better than the women themselves, who have no wish to see a feminine monopoly since where it occurs they just don't like their own sex enough to be happy working together.

As Evelyn Rothwell she played the oboe with the Halle many times before the war.

"Of course we talk shop, she says. 'My being a musician as well makes that inevitable. It means that I understand everything, and if he wants to discuss interpretation when he is studying his scores in the evening I can sometimes help a very little.'"

"And he helps me too. I give concerts on my own but I try never to be away for more than a few days at a time—although he is perfectly able to look after himself."

"He is very fond of cooking, but unlike most men geniuses in the kitchen he washes up afterwards."

"I think I probably help just because we enjoy music together."

So there you have three women who have found the secret of being helpful wives. Could it be your secret, too?

—(London Express Service)

THE QUESTION IN THE VICAR'S MIND AS HE SURVEYS HIS FLOCK

Is the curate a charmer?

"HOW do you get on with women?" This may soon be the first question which a vicar will put to his prospective curate. He knows that the young man will have to spend much of his time at meetings, discussion groups, sales of work, where he will be one of the few males present.

There are now so many women attending church that if the position deteriorates still further we might just as well hang a "Ladies Only" sign above most of our churches.

Once, so our parents tell us, Britain had Sunday afternoon services packed with men. Now there is nothing but a sea of feminine faces.

The all-powerful Mothers' Union, with its 475,510 paid-up members in the British Isles, contrasts strangely with its opposite number, the Church of England Men's Society, able to muster a mere 29,500."

From time to time revolts break out against this female preponderance. These are led in the main, by vicars who find themselves clasped too closely to the bosoms of their female organisations and struggle frantically to regain both their self-respect and independence.

Regrets....

Not so with the women, from whom the poor girl might expect to find the greater understanding. Instead (one regrets to record) on their faces is written a mixture of amusement, pity, and even cynicism.

A further danger, however, is that unless this feminine majority is quickly adjusted the clergy themselves may begin to take on the outlook of their congregation.

Unless we can redress the balance our vicars may change before our eyes in much the same way that adopted children acquire both the mannerisms and even a physical resemblance to their foster parents.

Around you see? I can only mention that within the last month or so I have myself acquired a little cleft to the waistcoat of my new suit.

chosen a nylon surplus where a cotton would have sufficed, and been told of a curious remark made by a small girl to her mother.

She must have been observing me pretty closely because she whispered during the service: "Look, mummy, when he sits down he lifts his skirt at the back just like I do."



by the Rev ROBERT COLEMAN

YES! This is John Mills!

AND HIS HOTTEST
SCENE YET HITS
CENSOR TROUBLE

by JOHN LAMBERT

JOHN MILLS, usually the most unswervingly upright of British screen heroes, has come up against censor trouble. His love scenes with SYLVIA SYMS in "Ice Cold in Alex," a suspense story set in the desert sands, are said to be too scorching.

Mills is unrepentant. Says he: "It's a sheer relief to act as if I'm in love with the girl for a change, after all the years of giving a polite peck between battlers."

But he is killed at the censor-ship. "Love scenes in British films are often condemned as right-to long as they are in-ported," he says, "but most often it is because the actors are not given a chance to warm up."



JOHN MILLS IN CENSORED SCENE WITH SYLVIA SYMS IN THE SUN

hour smooching sessions with dialogue. As soon as a British actor takes a girl in his arms the scene has to fade out. Even if his clutches are crooked, film-goers will find a different John Mills in "Ice Cold in Alex." He plays a dissolute, hard-drinking adventurer.

"A really rough, lusty rogue," he says, "it will probably get me cashed from those Service roles."

Problem for Miss Mills

MEANWHILE Mills's 16-year-old daughter JULIET has been facing an awkward dilemma. She had just won a place at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—hard to get these days if you are a girl.

Then "just for fun" she went to an audition called by SIR JOHN GIELGUD in search of a very young girl for the new play "The Retirees," by PETER SHAWER.

Embarrassing result: she got the part. Her problem was: should she act, or should she learn to act?

She plumped for the part.

boys and the cat skinner, which is the western name for a man who drives a cat-skinning machine with a sawblade fixed on it because of the heat.

Slowly the ranch house, a single storey with eight large, wide rooms, is being furnished. There is a trophy room for leopard, elephant, buffalo, and other big game which Granger shot on film locations in Africa and India.

Tracy puts the stuffed heads of some animals before she goes to bed. "Goodnight, pussy leopard, goodnight pussy tiger," she says, and her mother adds: "We can never take her to a zoo now—she would put her head right in a tiger's mouth."

On the ranch the world of films and Hollywood is years away. Granger likes to cook and Simmonds looks after the baby, and when there is a film they like, they will work in Hollywood, or London, or wherever.

"But the drive to be an actress, to play a star, is being replaced," said Jean Simmonds. "I don't want for anything now—I am very lucky."

"I've been in films 15 years and I have travelled a lot and earned a lot of lovely money and met a lot of wonderful people and at one time I had the ambition to go on and on."

"But now I have found something else that is more important and it is right here. I'd quit filming tomorrow but I want to build up the ranch, so I'll keep at it."

"Just so long as the old boy is happy... that is the main thing."

Problems

THIS is the new life of the Grangers: he the one-time resident of Kensington and she the girl born in Cricklewood. Even their names are different now. He was born James Stewart, which he had to alter in films because there was a Stewart around already.

Legally, from now, his full proper name is James Stewart Granger and she is Jean Stewart Granger—no hyphen.

On the phone Jimmy Granger is talking technically about cross-breeding his Charolais cattle and Jean is saying: "The only trouble out here is—I've gone right off beef. Do you mind if Jimmy makes chicken stew for dinner again tonight?"

Trophies

JEAN SIMMONDS came out to look it over, and the big movie was made. The new life began.

Granger's cattle brand was registered and houses built up for this families of seven cow-



"Marques miss mill, brother—do soon—do you get your general into the Ellyse, he'll develop gaiting trouble and take up golf."

INSIDE SHOW-BUSINESS

WHY WE WANT STARDOM AND HOW WE'RE GOING AFTER IT—BY TWO BLONDES

Interviewed by Patricia Lewis

KIRK DOUGLAS DOES DEAL WITH RUSSIA

KIRK DOUGLAS is the first Hollywood actor-producer to be approved by the Kremlin. He is to star, with a Russian actress, in "Michael Strogoff," to be made entirely in Russia next year. It is an adventure story about a Czar's messenger on an urgent mission. It will be the first Russian American co-production, "Sun" transferred this week to the Prince's Theatre, London, with MICHAEL GWINN, now in Michael Redgrave's role as the impoverished schoolmaster suddenly swept off with his family to luxury in the South of France. Redgrave is in Shakespeare at Stratford.

ROSALIND RUSSELL's best friend in the screen version of "Auntie Mame."

RITA HAYWORTH and BURT LANCASTER will star in the Hollywood version of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," the play which was a hit in London last year.

"WEST SIDE STORY," the Broadway musical which every West End management wanted to present here, will be coming to London, but only for a limited season.

Reason: It would be impossible to re-cast the show, retain the original Puerto-Rican flavour so necessary to its success. So the show will go on a good-will European tour, similar to that of "Porgy and Bess" a few years ago.

PETER USTINOV has written a film script based on STEPHEN POTTER's "Lifemanship," the delicate art of always being one up on the other. Wanted as stars: IAN CARMICHAEL and TERRY-THOMAS.

THE successful new N. C. HUNTER play "Touch of the

MAKING their second film together at Elstree are two young British blondes—Sylvia Syme and Carole Lesley.

Sylvia, 23, married, a dedicated actress, has worked hard for her success through years of slog and study in rep., on tour and in the West End.

Carole, 22, single, was discovered dancing in a cabaret club, signed up without any acting experience or tuition, and immediately pushed into small film parts.

Here are the questions—and their answers—

WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE A FILM STAR?

CAROLE: I don't know really. I enjoy it when I'm doing it. It's creative work, isn't it? And I don't think I could create anything else.

SYLVIA: "I'm not a star—I'm an actress. But if the two happen to be synonymous—then all right, I'll be a star. But the main thing for me is to be a good actress."

WHAT DOES A GIRL NEED FOR STARDOM?

CAROLE: "Oh! A lot more patience than I have, and an understanding of people. Strength too because you have to give up a heck of a lot."

SYLVIA: "Primarily talent, though I'm confounded by many people who are stars in spite of that. Let's say, then, a personality that registers on the screen."

HAVE YOU CHANGED SINCE YOU STARTED WORKING IN FILMS?

CAROLE: "Yes, a great deal. I have more confidence than I had, but I'm still inclined to be too much of a worrier. And that's bad when it affects your work. I think the trouble is that so many people tell you what to do and what not to do, that you get terribly self-conscious, and this can often lead to a sense of inferiority."



CAROLE LESLEY AMBITION YOU LEARN

SYLVIA: "Not basically. I still like the same music, the same books and NOT watching TV. I've always lived a quiet life and I'm still not swept up into a social whirl."

HOW IMPORTANT IS SUCCESS TO YOU?

CAROLE: "I never was an ambitious girl, but now so many other people are ambitious for me that what with the publicity and everything, it would be a pity not to care now I've got so far."

SYLVIA: "It's not success so much as ambition—and those are the same. I don't think they'll change either. I just simply want to be recognised as a very good actress."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU FAILED?

CAROLE: "I can't imagine. I don't like to think of that. Anyway, I never do like to think too far ahead. I suppose something would come to take its place. After all, lots of top stars aren't very happy, are they?"

SYLVIA: "Start—having babies!"



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RECORDS by PETER BUCHAN

Here is a sound that makes you tingle...

I HAVE just heard the most exciting sound ever to come from a gramophone record.

It is a new device called stereophonic sound, which produces from an apparent ordinary long-playing disc a three-dimensional effect.

Footfalls, recorded as a man walks across a room, set you looking for the man.

With your eyes closed it is possible to "place" accurately the position of any instrument in a symphony orchestra.

How it's done

This, I believe, is the greatest development since electrical recording, greater in its eventual consequences than even the introduction of the long-playing records which began the record boom of the last five years.

How is stereophonic sound produced?

Unintended of all its technicalities the explanation is simple. Two microphones record the sounds acting like a pair of human ears. The sounds are played back through two loudspeakers, set a few feet apart. The loudspeaker on the left hears what the left ear would hear. The loudspeaker on the right hears what the right ear would hear.

The result is that most of the sound appears to come from the gap between the two speakers.

Ten are ready

In a back room of a flat in North London—the home of John Mosely, the engineer primarily responsible for developing them—I listened to the first of the 10 stereophonic records that will go on sale at the end of the month.

Larry Adler played his mouth organ as if he were in the room. Marion Ryan sang a song from *My Fair Lady* with an effect that almost put her in the listener's lap.

The Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli crowded in, making the room seem as if it were Manchester's Free Trade Hall, where the recording was made.

The biggest surprise of stereophonic records is the speed with which they have been produced.

The company which has produced them is Pye, a comparative newcomer to records and thought to be nowhere in the stereophonic field. Pye's records are on sale this month and probably cost around 25s. 6d.—little more than the price of an ordinary 10in. long-player.

Biggest snag

The other major companies, H.M.V., Decca, and Philips did not expect stereo records to appear until they produced their own in July or August.

One of the biggest snags to the introduction of stereo discs has been the equipment to play them on.

Stereophonic sound has been available on tape for nearly three years. But the equipment needed to play it cost around £300. It was so massive that only the largest room would take it.

Now stereophonic sound will be available from equipment priced at around £45, comparable to the price of a good, ordinary record-player. Its two speakers will give their effect standing on each side of the fireplace of any ordinary room.

And, most important of all, ordinary records can be played through the same equipment—without the stereophonic effect, of course.

But let me warn you. After hearing stereophonic records the difference is shattering.

New records

At last, at last—the long-player of *My Fair Lady* is ready (Philips, RBL 1000, 12in. 33 r.p.m.). Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, and Stanley Holloway sing the numbers that made the show the biggest hit Broadway has had in years. Strictly speaking Harrison doesn't sing—he talks in time. The result—no with the whole record—is magnificent.

The biggest hit from *My Fair Lady* will be a song called *The Street Where You Live*. The best version I have heard is by Gary Miller (Nixa, 45 r.p.m.).

The Melody Lingers On... (H.M.V. CLP 1153, 12in. 33 r.p.m.), by Frank Cordell and his Orchestra. Of all the sounds I have ever heard on a "pop" record Cordell's version of "Standards" is the most dazzling, the most imaginative and the most technically perfect. Cordell is the conductor behind such "pop" stars as Alma Cogan and Malcolm Vaughan. With his soloists—particularly trombonist Lad Busby who plays *You Go To My Head*—Cordell

RAMSDEN GREIG'S RECORD COLUMN

Miss Carson strikes oil

THE 'SWEET GEORGIA BROWN' GIRL MADE A FORTUNE IN A NIGHT CLUB

THE publicity woman had said: "She is the most exhilarating woman I know." So, when Mindy Carson flew into London last week, I went to be exhilarated. Miss Carson, who is a neat, petite blonde, said: "Let me tell you about my oil well."

It transpires that when Miss Carson was singing in a Texas night club last year someone suggested she put her week's wages into an oil syndicate.

A holiday job

"And now," said Miss Carson, "I've made enough money to give my two children the best possible education." I asked Miss Carson to elaborate. She said: "Actually I'm just the girl next door—the secretarial type who sings for her friends. That's the real me."

"Then one year I went on holiday to Miami. One evening I went with some friends to a night club. All the girls among us wanted to sing with the band. You know how girls get in night clubs?" I said. I knew how girls got in night clubs.

"Well," said Miss Carson, "after I had sung my little song the manager of the club told me: 'You've got a very good voice, young lady. We'll pay you 125 dollars a week to sing at the club.'"

On such slender foundations are dice stars built. Miss Carson in her best exhilarating mood went on: "Don't you think that many of the words of present pop songs are really quite trivial? I once finally refused the chance of recording a song the publishers said would be a smash hit because I didn't like the words. Patil Page did it instead. It was a thing called *How Much Is That Doggie in the Window*."

Having since learned to suppress her opinion of song lyrics in front of publishers Miss Carson has gone on to make a great deal of money recording songs like *Memories Are Made of This*, *You Can't Be True to Two*, *Sugar and Sweet Georgia Brown*.

Due for release this month is Miss Carson's latest—*The Sentimental Touch* (Philips 78). Like Miss Carson it is an exhilarating little number.

(London Express Service.)

HOW UNFAIR TO THE SAINTLY SIR STAFFORD

said his brother going back to his steak and Burgundy

LIFE'S A GAMBLE. By Colonel Fred Cripps. Odhams. 25s. 208 pages.

IN the Zurich restaurant, a cigar and coffee had followed the steak and the Burgundy. The diner, a tall Englishman, had just left the bedside of Sir Stafford Cripps. "I reflected how unjust it seemed that such a really saintly character as my brother, who had done so much good in the world, should have to suffer long years of austerity and many months of pain before lying, comparatively young, while I, who had all my life sought the fleshpots, had suffered hardly at all, and was even able to enjoy a good meal while he was dying."

In this book, Colonel Cripps writes, with no excess of remorse, about his adventures in search of the fleshpots. The search was not an onerous one.

This is a straightforward account of an era when ease, luxury and the pleasures of life could be enjoyed with small effort by a few. It is written by one of the few.

It was an age of mighty gamblers. One night Cripps found his friend Charles Hawtreys the actor-manager, hard at work totting up figures. "When I was a little boy," he explained, "I asked the butler to put a half-crown for me on a horse. It did not win. Ever since, I have been trying to get that half-crown back. It has cost me £37,367 15s. But I am still optimistic."

The 18th Earl of Derby, a great racing man, told Cripps why he never betted. As a young officer, gambling wildly, he had got into moneylenders' clutches. In despair, he raised a few thousand pounds, put them on a horse and put a revolver in his pocket. The horse won; he paid off his debts, and never made another bet.

NO REPAYMENT

In Tourist St. Petersburg, where Cripps went to open a merchant banking house, he was losing heavily at poker one night. Prince Ourousoff offered him £100 worth of counters. The luck turning, Cripps proposed to give the counters back. The Prince was deeply insulted and was only half-appeased by Cripps's apologies.

Later, a Russian diplomat, Nekhludoff, suggested that he should return the counters to Ourousoff, whom he now frequently met. This led to a worse explosion: Ourousoff and Nekhludoff would meet with pistols on the Polo Ground that same morning. Only after extraordinary exertions was this averted. "There was a kind of hysterical outbreak of good fellowship; we all kissed each other."

When Prince Yousouff married, he went to Paris for his honeymoon. At a nearby table in a restaurant, arrived a brother-officer who had been in love with the bride. Yousouff was affronted. He and his brother-officer went back to St. Petersburg, where they met with pistols on the Polo Ground. Yousouff was killed.

"I realized," says Cripps mildly, "that, much as I liked the Russians, they and I held divergent views on the everyday amenities of life and death."

After the Revolution he tried to rescue something from his business in Russia. It was unrewarding work, and interrupted by his appearance at the Old Bailey on a charge of fraudulent conversion. Lord Roxbury and Lord Beaverbrook were his bullies when, during this action, he found it necessary to go to Russia. "I greatly esteem," says Cripps, "the generous gesture of Lord Beaverbrook. Our friendship has endured through the years and there are few more enjoyable experiences than to be invited, as I am on occasion, to dine with 'Max' and stay overnight so that conversation can continue."



The Baron Clouds The Crete Disaster

DAEDALUS RETURNED. By Baron von der Heydte. Hutchinson. 16s.

THE battle of Crete has the rare distinction of being assessed as a military calamity by both the victors and the vanquished.

British and New Zealand forces lost almost 15,000 killed, wounded and captured. The defeat gravely threatened our whole position in the Middle East. Churchill's grandiloquent prose hardly rose to the occasion when he called it in his memoirs "a disaster."

Flights of colourful writing about Crete in the bivouac area and the joyous tremolo of night are sandwiched in between a detailed retelling of the tactical adventures of his three companies. What emerges is that luck was on their side, for one more Allied attack would have found them on the third day without ammunition to fend themselves.

The book jacket assures us that the author has been bitterly attacked for his outspoken anti-Hitler sentiments.

They are curiously muted here. A slight nod of disapproval, perhaps, but a glorious swelling of pride when, after the battle, he writes: "General Student grasped me. The Asphalt Playground. John Wiles, Gollan, 15s. The Asphalt Playground is in a poor area of London, a nursery for Teddy boys dominated by boredom, ugliness and senseless violence. A bleak, pessimistic book, by the hand and held it for a long time. 'I thank you,' was all he said; but the grasp of his hand and those three short words were quite sufficient for me."

It is odd, too, to discover that Baron von der Heydte is now a professor of international law at a German university. It certainly turns his legal theories have changed from those he held when I, as an intelligence officer, was trying to guess what he was up to on the Western Front.

For in 1944 the Baron had this to say: "The men who had just been sent to his regiment: 'I demand of every soldier the renunciation of all personal wishes. Whoever swears on the Prussian flag has no right to personal possessions! From the moment he enlists in the paratroops and comes to my regiment, every soldier enters the new order of humanity. There is only one law henceforth for him—the law of our unit.' It is not a speech which is recorded in the Baron's book on Crete."

—MILTON SHULMAN (London Express Service.)

Guide book The author has an almost travelogue approach to the battle. "On your left, we have the Acropolis gleaming in the sun."

It adds absolutely nothing to the strategic picture we already know, and probably clouds it up a bit.

By Laurence Marks. The author writes about death, in particular, with the power of a new Hemingway. A notable first novel from America.

September Roses. Andre Maurois. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. M. Maurois describes with subtlety, indulgent irony, a love affair between a sophisticated, middle-aged French novelist and a predatory young Peruvian actress, during a lecture tour of South America—and its aftermath in Paris when the Master's possessive wife gets to hear about it.

An End To Dying. Sam Astrachan. Barrie. 15s. Chronicle of the fortunes of a Jewish family over three generations, starting in pre-revolutionary Russia and ending in present-day New York.

The delicate writing has an agreeably old-fashioned flavour. (London Express Service.)

FICTION SHELF

By Laurence Marks.

Balthazar. Lawrence Sanders. Faber. 16s. Second tier of a grand four-decker novel about life, love and death in Alexandria, in which the people and events of the first volume (Justice) are scrutinized through different eyes. Mr Sanders' grasp of character, his subtle feeling for atmosphere and his precise, diamond-sharp prose are as impressive as ever.

An End To Dying. Sam Astrachan. Barrie. 15s. Chronicle of the fortunes of a Jewish family over three generations, starting in pre-revolutionary Russia and ending in present-day New York.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Excuses and Explanations

By Harry Weinert

WHEN A LADY'S BANK ACCOUNT IS OVERDRAWN, SHE EXPLAINS IT WITH THIS SIMPLE STATEMENT:



ALL EXCUSES SHOULD BE REHEARSED AND THE COUGH MADE CONVINCING—IF THAT'S YOUR STORY FOR STAYING AWAY FROM THE OFFICE.



"EVERYBODY'S WEARING 'EM!"



THAT'S AN EXPLANATION—BUT IT'S NO EXCUSE.

"DON'T TELL ME THAT OLD 'GRANDMOTHER' ROUTINE STILL WORKS!"



PLAY BALL!

IT'S HARD TO GET AN EXPLANATION OUT OF SOME KIDS—THEY DON'T NEED A LAWYER.



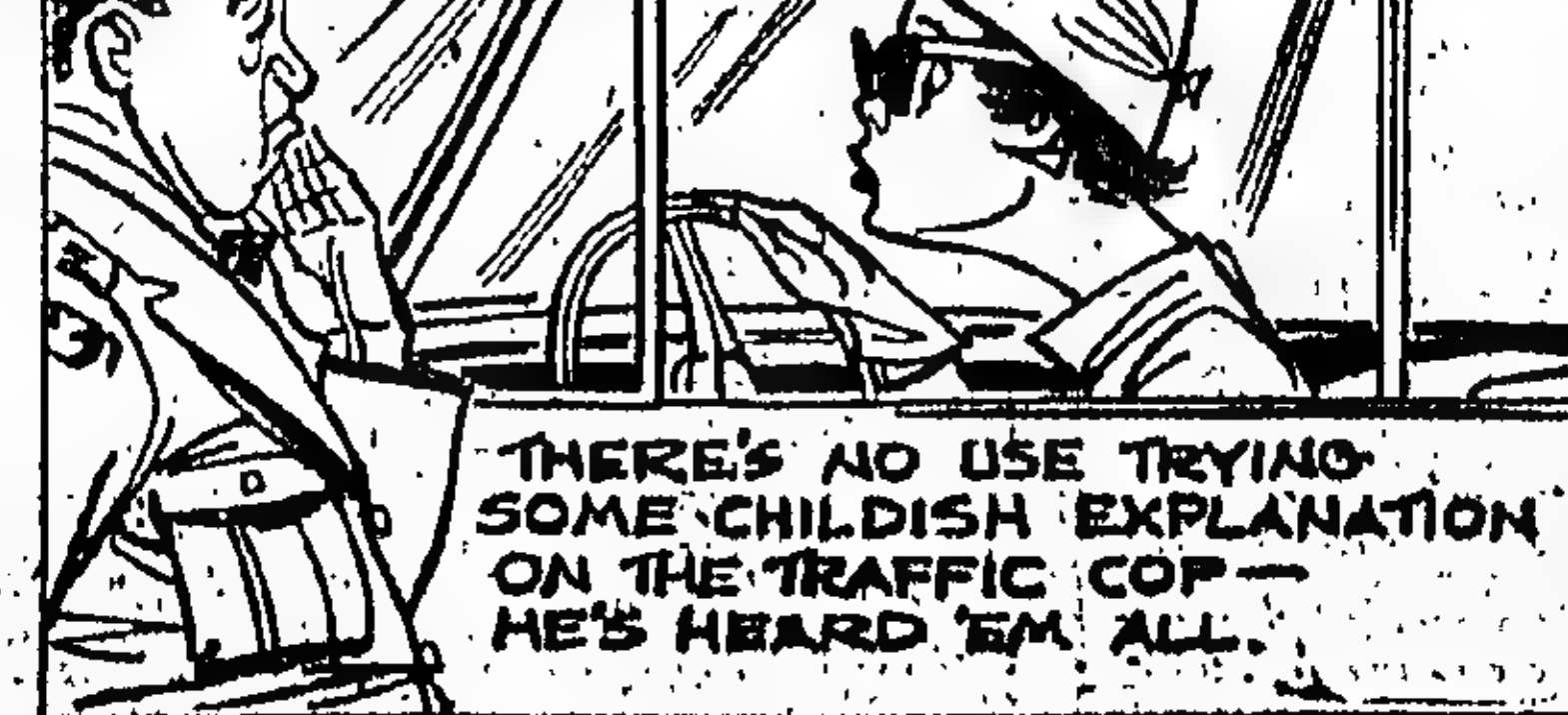
HUH? WHO—ME? WHERE? WHAT? HIM—HOW? HUH?



A WRITTEN AFFIDAVIT FROM THE SICK FRIEND YOU SAID YOU SAT UP WITH MIGHT HELP—BUT WE DOUBT IT.



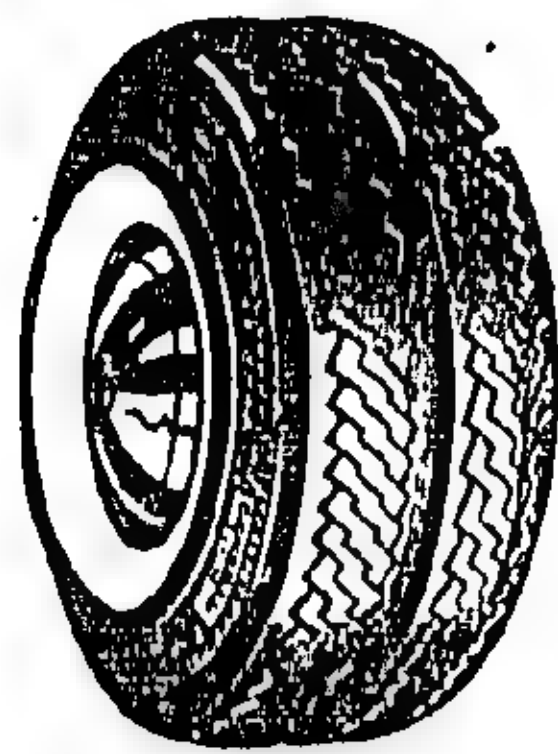
IT'S ME STUMMICK! SAYS THE CHARACTER WHO COULD DIGEST NAILS.



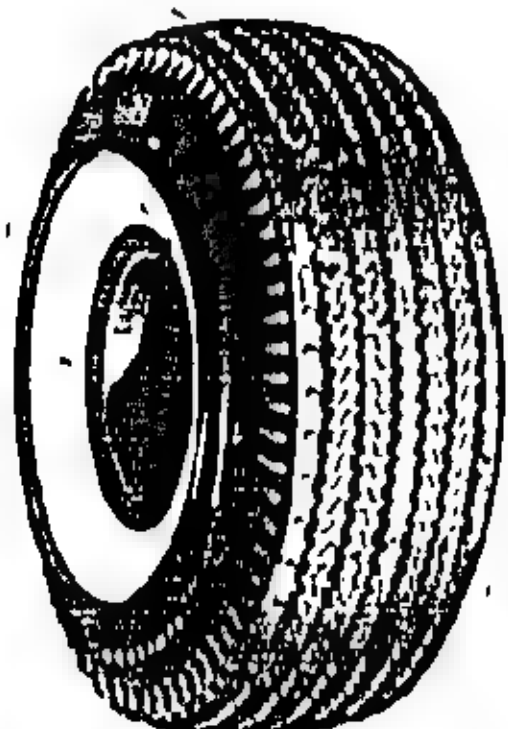
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Saturday Soccer Spot

THE MAGIC OF STAN MATTHEWS

*Soccer's First Gentleman Is
A Legend Wherever
The Game Is Played*

By I. M. MACTAVISH

This weekend Hongkong will have its first opportunity of seeing Blackpool, one of Britain's most famous professional football teams, in action.

It is already certain that this will be a great double occasion and whatever the result of the two games we must congratulate the Hongkong Football Association, not only on its enterprise, but also on its tenacity.

It would have been very easy a week or so ago to have thrown the whole provocative project overboard. Such a decision would have been both pardonable and understandable in view of all the frustrating complications which arose. But I can assure you that if that had happened it would have been a bitter disappointment to the members of the Blackpool club as it would have been to the football fans in this soccer-minded Colony.

The visit of the Tangerines is surely the greatest thing that has ever happened to Hongkong football. The Blackpool advance party which arrived a few days ago has already created a first-class impression in this community and there is no doubt that Mr Albert Hindley — the Chairman of the club — will be able to give the rest of the team plenty of good local advice when they arrive.

In spite of Blackpool's impressive record down through the years I am sure the club officials will not misunderstand or feel slighted if I say that Hongkong is keyed up to the point of impatience to see Stanley Matthews in action.

The position which he holds in the game is surely unique and in these days of changing ideals and values it may be that we shall never see his like again. More has been written about him than about any other man who has made football his career.

He is known, at least by reputation, wherever the game is played and even those who have never seen him dazzle the opposition enjoy a strange familiarity with him. To them he represents everything that is best in football.

An Idealist

Matthews is a legend, a magical legend which has enhanced the game he has served so well, but he is more than that. He is an idealist whose career has been inspired by his never-ending search for soccer perfection.

Stanley would be the last to suggest that he has come anywhere near to finding it but those who have played with him, and against him, believe he has come nearer to it than anyone else yet. When one has the opportunity of speaking to him, it is quickly obvious that he is still searching and still learning.

Of such stuff is greatness made. In such a man is the true essence of football to be found.

It would be interesting some time to try and calculate the miles Matthews has travelled to play football. He has performed in some of the remotest parts of Africa where the local fans had him crowned 'King of Football'; he has just been half across the

world to entertain the Australians and of course he is taking the long way home to play here. North and South America have also seen him in action and his achievements in many European countries are bright spots in soccer history.

Personal Pleasure

I count it as one of my personal pleasures that I have watched him play on many occasions and in many different circumstances. I have watched him tempt, tease and tantalise my countrymen on the international field. I have watched him tempt, tease and tantalise losing side at Wembley in a Cup Final—how often I have wished I could have been present when Blackpool won that memorable final in 1953. I have also watched him in the domestic League games which are the backbone of English football and also as though to prove he was human after all I saw him gliding right out of a wartime Scottish Cup match by a young player called — I believe — McCuskey who played for St Mirren and who strangely enough dropped right out of the game almost immediately after his hour of success against Matthews.

I think many of the best stories about Stanley are the true or twisted ones told by the players who have, over a wide span of years, been his contemporaries.

Sammy Cox, the famous Scottish defender, never tired of telling of his many tussles with Stanley and he was once quoted as saying that he hoped the Scottish selectors would go on and on picking him as he felt certain that on the law of averages Matthews was bound to have a bad game some time then, for once he might look good by comparison.

Close Views

One of my schoolboy pals Billy Cook was destined to get some particularly close views of Stanley in action and I'm sure the old man must have many memories of his tiffs with the tough lovable Irishman who himself won so many of the game's honours.

Cook—who lived in Scotland from his earliest days—was a great storyteller and it was almost inevitable that when he got chin-wagging, Stanley Matthews was one of his favourite subjects. . . . and always the story was told against Cook himself.

A brilliant Irish contemporary when Cook was with Everton was a pint-sized inside-forward named Alex Stevenson who rose to fame with Glasgow Rangers. Stevenson never let up on Cook and it is said that many of the Matthews-Cook stories were conjured up in Stevenson's brain. There was, for example, Stevenson's pre-international



STANLEY MATTHEWS, THE FOOTBALLER — EIGHTY-SIX TIMES ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL—Photo shows him in action in one of the League matches (on left).—Reuter Photo.

story about Cook sending a most legal-looking document to the Irish selectors informing them that he had just investigated his family history. This was alleged to have established that he was more Irish on his right side than on his left, so would they please select him at right back and not left back and thus get him as far away from Matthews as possible without actually dropping him.

Cook once said that if Stanley was ever on the run the Police should engage him to trace the elusive winger because no one knows him better than I— from the back! . . .

Truth From Fiction

Stanley has been the subject of so many such stories that it is now difficult to separate the truth from the fiction. However, I always remember being told personally by a well-known full back with a fashionable London club that he knew exactly how to stop Matthews—but that he had not finished working on the second part of the plan which would keep him out of the Old Bailey! Such then is the magic of Matthews. It cannot be analysed yet it cannot be copied. It is surely significant that here in

Hongkong—10,000 miles from the scenes of his greatest triumphs—there is a red carpet welcome for him in the twilight of his magnificent career.

It should be appreciated too that Stanley is not coming here as a sort of star turn in ordinary company; he is here as one cog in a powerful team in which there are many brilliant footballers who have themselves won the highest honours the game has to offer.

Unsung and almost unknown here in Hongkong for example is veteran guest star Jimmy Hagan—from Sheffield United, one of the greatest ball-playing inside-forwards England has ever produced and who was robbed of the due rewards of his skill by World War II.

There is a risk that Hagan will steal the show in Hongkong for the playing conditions here will be ideal for his style of play but the hearts of the Chinese fans — and let me mention to our visitors that the football fans in this Colony know their soccer and delight in displays of skill—will be wishing and willing Stanley Matthews to a pinnacle performance so that in the years to come they can tell the new generation of footballers that

they saw Matthews play 'right at the top of his form'. The Blackpool officials are delighted with the conditions under which they will have to play. They are well aware that in Hongkong they are going to face the strongest opposition they have tackled since they left home . . . and they are determined to keep their unbeaten record.

Greatest Occasion

The stage is now set for the greatest occasion in our football history. Our boys will play as they have never done before to prove to their illustrious guests that Hongkong football also has a proud tradition to maintain.

Much depends on Ho Chung-yau and Yiu Cheuk-yin in attack and on the steadiness of Lau Yee in defence but whatever happens I have a feeling that Blackpool will know they have been in a game.

I am doing no tipping this time but I believe Blackpool will win only if they can subdue our two brilliant inside forwards. The magnificent green turf and the powerful lights will provide a supreme setting for the game . . . may it be an excellent one . . . punctuated, in all Hongkong fans hope, by the magic of Matthews.

THE GAMBOLS

FISHING HOLIDAY'D BE WONDERFUL AND SO HEALTHY



By Barry Appleby

2. AM GEORGE, ARE YOU AWAKE? LET'S HAVE A FISHING HOLIDAY (NO DEAR)



GAS IS TOPS

SAYS MR. THERM



POP

HEY, ROBIN! IT'S HIGH TIME YOU WERE UP AND GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL



WIN DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE NEXT BOOKIE?

WHAT ODDS DID YOU GET? (10-1)



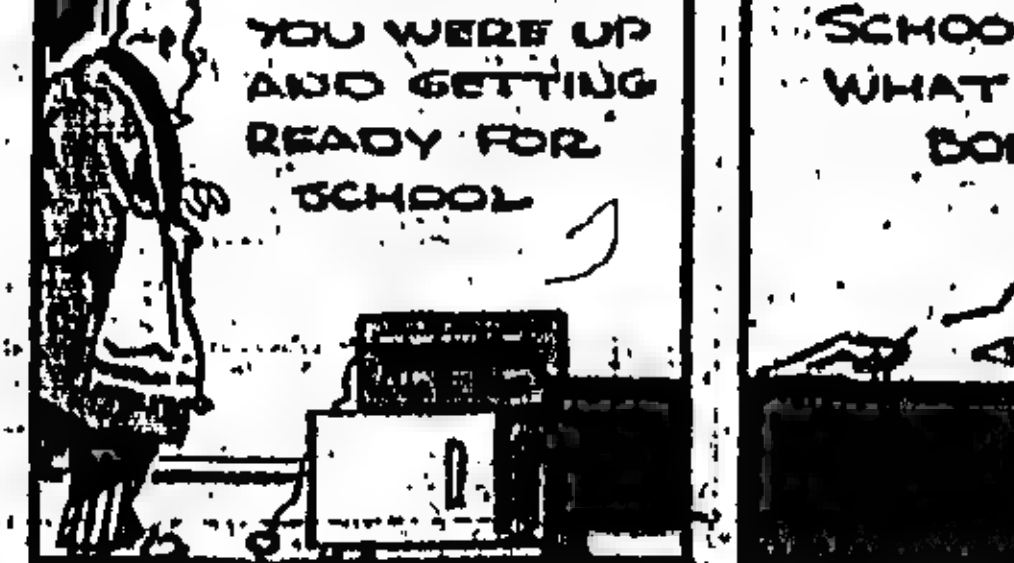
YOU COULD HAVE GOT 100-5

BUT I HADN'T GOT SIX SHILLINGS



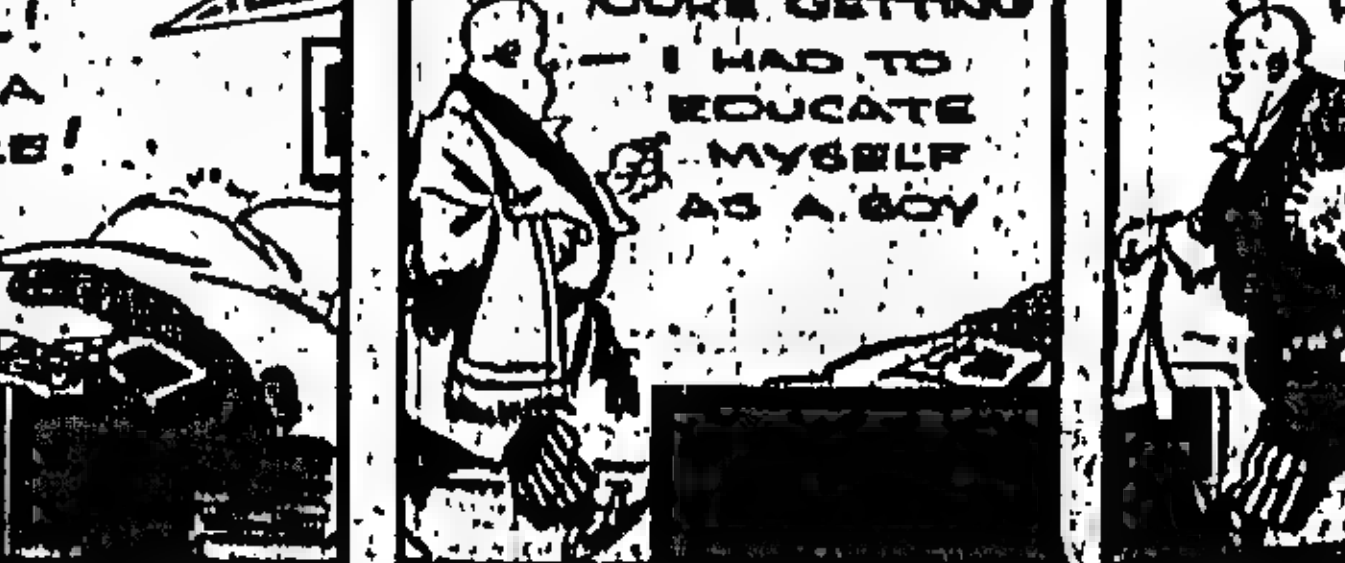
Class by himself

SO COULD I, POP - IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO WASTE ALL MY TIME GOING TO SCHOOL



PRECIOUS DRIPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS

CHERRY HEERING



(Answers on Page 17)

World Cup Soccer Starts Tomorrow

HISTORIES OF THE CLUBS

UP-AND-DOWN CLUB WHICH MADE SOCCER HISTORY

By TIM GORDON

Leeds United has never won the Cup nor the first division championship. But it made soccer history in 1957 as the club to receive the biggest-ever transfer fee for one player—£25,000 for John Charles from the Italian club, Juventus, with a further £10,000 going to Charles himself.

The size of that fee staggered the world; but then they have rather a habit of surprising people in Leeds. The Yorkshire city is in a hot-bed of Rugby League and Rugby Union football, and if you delve back in the Leeds archives, you will discover that the club was partly founded by a disgruntled group of rugby players. In 1904, Holbeck Rugby Club, in the second division of the Northern Union—Rugby League, as it is now known—lost in a play-off for promotion with St. Helen's.

The Holbeck men were so fed-up, that they linked up with a flourishing soccer team from Hunslet, and emerged as Leeds City F. C. They took as their ground Holbeck's Eland Road headquarters, at a yearly rental of £75.

The Leeds City club went into action in the September of 1904, and won a wartime championship in 1918. When League soccer recommenced after the war, it looked as though the club was in for a grand run. But after beating Wolves 4-2 away on October 4, 1919, that Leeds City team never played together again.

Suspended

Nine days later, the club was suspended by the Football League, following accusations of irregularities by a former director and ex-player.

To find new places for the Leeds City players, the League invited other clubs to bid for their services, and the rooms and corridors of a Leeds hotel became a market place.

One of the players transferred was inside-forward Billy Kirton, a newcomer to Leeds. A few months later, he scored the goal which enabled Aston Villa to beat Huddersfield Town in the 1920 Cup Final.

The city of Leeds did not have to wait long for a new club, for in May 1920 a new side bearing the name Leeds United was admitted to the second division of the Football League. At a meeting held in Leeds, the great centre-half Ernie Hart, later to play for England, was signed and in 1924 the club won promotion to the first division for the first time. United stayed up three seasons, then fell back to the second division. But the very next season, up went Leeds again.

All Set For One Of Europe's Biggest Yachting Regattas

By JAN BORG

Norway.

One of the biggest International yachting regattas in Europe this season will be held at the famous yachting resort Hango, a little island in the Oslo Fjord, 80 kilometres, south of Oslo, in connection with the Royal Norwegian Yachting Club's 75th anniversary.

According to the organisers of the regatta, which will be staged from July 9 to July 14, twelve nations have accepted the invitation, but the total is expected to be fifteen before the deadline.

These nations are: England, USA, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, France, Germany, Finland, Italy, Norway, Sudan, Holland, Philippines, Poland and Singapore.

More than 200 boats with crews totalling 800 men will start in the regatta at Hango. Among those who will take part are King Olav V of Norway and his son Crown Prince Harald. A big passenger-jet has been hired to accommodate all the participants during the competition.

Lars Törn, of Sweden, who won a gold medal with his boat Gustav V in the Melbourne Olympic Games, will be among the favourites in the popular 5.5-metre class. In the same class, the Marquis of Milford Haven will represent England with the new Medea, while the Duke of Edinburgh, in his twin-engine Manuella IV, is expected to come from Italy. From Finland are Will Naitson and

K. J. Gulliksen who will sail Marilyn and Pohjanhehti.

In the six-metre class England will send Royal Thames and Marylebone with probably Michael Crean and Lt.-Col. Harrison at the helm. United States will have Lanoria owned by Magnus Konow and the Little Sister with Fredrick C. Oberthimer, while Sweden in this class will be represented by the famous May Be VII. Norway starts in the same class with Yarn Sing and Hango, both well known in International regattas.

Denmark will have T. Warner and Ole Bernick as its representatives in the Dragon class, in which F. Rambaud, who is coming from Danmark with his Denma, will also compete. The Duke of Edinburgh is in the popular Blue Bottle, which also takes part in United Press International regattas.

BRAZIL IS MY CHOICE FOR THE TITLE

England Makes A Big Blunder

Says DAVID JACK

The greatest Soccer competition in the world starts tomorrow, and I shall be on the spot to tell readers all about it. I am hoping to see the cream of the soccer-playing nations fighting—not too literally, I trust—for the honour of being declared champions of the world.

To refresh your memory, here are the 10 countries who survived the eliminating games to qualify for the trip to Sweden:

GROUP 1.—Germany, Czechoslovakia, Argentina, Ireland.

GROUP 2.—Paraguay, France, Yugoslavia, Scotland.

GROUP 3.—Sweden, Mexico, Hungary, Wales.

GROUP 4.—Russia, Austria, Brazil, England.

The opposition is going to be tough. None but the greatest will survive to the quarter-final stage. And, before going deeply into the reasons for my choice, I shall stick out my neck and forecast the final eight nations (two from each group):

Group 1: Argentina and Ireland.

Group 2: Yugoslavia and Paraguay.

Group 3: Sweden and Hungary.

Group 4: Brazil and England.

I am sorry if they view up-Scotland and Wales—but no honest critic who has watched Scottish and Welsh international football recently could expect either country to win anything.

Luck of the draw has placed Scotland and Wales in the "softest" quarters of the competition. While England and Ireland battle against the giants, Scotland and Wales have been given opportunity of coming into the last eight. BUT I STILL THINK THEY ARE TOO POOR TO ACCEPT THE GIFT.

I expect England and Ireland to reach the quarter-finals, but I have no confidence in either lifting the trophy.

Blunder

England's chances were bright—until the selectors announced the 20 players to represent us in Sweden. After years of consistently uninspired cithering, the selection committee have reserved their biggest blunder for the biggest occasion...the World Cup.

Never mind the defence. They will not let England down. But the forward line has no pretensions to being representative of the talent at the disposal of the country.

Main headache is the centre-forward position. Tom Finney, Nat Lofthouse and Ronnie Allen are the best centre-forwards in England. Yet Finney travels to Sweden as an outside-left—position the dislikers—while Lofthouse and Allen are not even being taken along for the ride. If the selectors do not want to play Finney at centre-forward they should have brought back Lofthouse.

But big Derek Kevan, who has never looked on England player, retains the confidence of the selectors as first choice, and his understudy is another "bang, crash, wallop" merchant, Bobby Smith, of Spurs, who has never played for England.

Off Form

Look at the other forwards alleged to be England's greatest. Bryan Douglas has had three indifferent international outings in succession, and I have no doubt we shall be lamenting the absence of Stanley Matthews as soon as we arrive in Sweden.

Johnny Haynes is right off form. Bobby Robson lacks the subtlety of ball control to "kid" really great defences, and Tom Finney's left-wing understudy is Alan A'Court, whose selection—like that of right winger Peter Brabrook—must baffle anyone who believes in England class being something better than club class.

ALL OF WHICH CAUSES ME RELUCTANTLY TO WRITE OFF ENGLAND IN THE WORLD CUP.

Until I saw Russia play England in Moscow, I thought the Russians were likely winners. But the Soviet team that played us in the Lenin Stadium was unbelievably bad. Indeed, I likened them to an English Third Division side.

If we rate Russia as good as most European nations, we must turn to South America in the search for the 1958 World Cup winners.

My nomination? Brazil, despite the mediocre stuff they served up when I last saw them in action. That was at Wembley in 1956, when England gave them a good hiding. BUT THAT PARTICULAR BRAZILIAN ELEVEN HAS BEEN WRITTEN OFF, AS IT DESERVED TO BE.

Normally, South American nations cannot produce home form when they visit Europe, but I fancy Brazil are good enough even to overcome this traditional handicap.

Argentina are also strong, but Paraguay—to quote a Brazilian friend who has seen them recently—are "horrible."

What of the European challengers? Yugoslavia, a brilliant team when they beat England in Belgrade recently, must come into the reckoning. So, too, must Sweden, the host nation, who virtually got a goal start in every match thanks to their home supporters.

Brazil, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Argentina, England and Ireland—the quarter-final line-up takes shape. My other two nominations are Hungary and Paraguay—but as neither team carries the confidence of its own supporters, I am not putting any money on them.

Trouble

I know I am asking for trouble tipping winners—and losers—in such distinguished company because, without going further back than the last two World Cup tournaments, it is an accepted fact that favourites invariably come unstuck.

At Rio de Janeiro in 1950, Brazil were probably the hottest favourites of all time. They reached the final with several

colossal victories under their belts, and faced Uruguay, who were not given a chance by the experts. Yet the Uruguayans, despite the fanatical efforts of 150,000 "home" supporters, scraped through 2-1.

At Bern in 1954, it was Hungary—the Magical Magyars—who dominated the competition. Served by such brilliant artists as Boszok, Puskar, Kocsis and Hidvegi, they were faced with the formality of licking an unimpressive German team in the final.

Surprise

Having beaten their two greatest rivals, Brazil and Uruguay, on the road to the final, Hungary looked as good as there. But a combination of circumstances—injuries, offside goals, and so forth—robbed the Hungarians of the victory they had earned. Germany won 3-2, and the forecasters were compelled to reflect on the instability of their profession.

No doubt by June 29—the date of the World Cup Final—many more "hot tips" will have fallen by the wayside. That is as it should be, because surprise is the very essence of this wonderful game.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Boxing

1st Division: CCC "B" v KCC, IRC v Tellico, Revere "A" v CCC "A", KPC v Revere "B", "B" v KCC, HKFC v FC "A", HKPSA v PRC, IRC v KDC, Revere v HKFC, 3rd Division: HKFC v FC, HKGC v CCC, KCC v USBC, PRC v HKFC, SC v HKC.

Swimming
Annual Swimming Meet of Chung Chi College, EYMCA, 3 p.m.
Inter-school swimming heats, Chung Sing Pavilion, 4.30 p.m.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Rocky Marciano knocked out Jersey Joe Walcott in the first round of their title fight in 1953.
2. The United States won both.
3. (a) Soccer, (b) Cricket, (c) Boxing.
4. Chile.
5. Mrs George (Mildred "Babe" Didrikson) Zaharias, Miss B. Rawls.
6. Peter May, 285 against West Indies in 1957.
7. Jean Borotra.
8. Cherif Hamis of France.
9. Canada (twice), England, Australia and New Zealand.
10. Jack Dempsey.

English Rugby League Coach Barred From Field In Australia

Sydney, June 7.

Jim Brough, English Rugby League coach, will be barred from going onto the field of play during today's match against New South Wales at the Sydney cricket ground.

Brough, who also acts as trainer of the tour team, clashed with referee Laurie Burke at Leeton, in the Riverina v. England game yesterday.

Pearce, who will handle today's match, said the local rules would apply and these would require Brough to keep off the field.

"If players are injured they can be attended to by ambulance men," said Pearce.

Pearce stated that under New South Wales rugby league rules coaches were not allowed on the touchline either but referees had no jurisdiction over that question.

Near Test Team

The English selectors have chosen a near test team, for today's match here against New South Wales.

Centre Phil Jackson and half-back Alex Murphy will reappear having recovered from injuries. England's team is—

Full-back—E. Fraser; Three-quarters—Southward, P. Jackson, A. Davies, M. Sullivan; Five-eighths—D. Bolton; Half-back—A. Murphy; Forwards—V. Karallus, R. Huddart, F. Edgar, A. Prescott (Captain), T. Harris, B. Meligue, A. Terry, Gukashon, Mam Moryn.



Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.

OMEGA

DO NOT REST ON PAST RECORDS

IT IS

UP TO DATE FACTS

THAT COUNT

Every year the Swiss watch manufacturers turn out a limited number of chronometers, that is to say, watches that have been submitted to one of the seven Swiss official testing stations, for an exact test in extreme temperatures and in five different positions. Having passed these stringent technical requirements they receive the official award testifying to their supreme accuracy.

In 1957, more than 100 Swiss manufacturers submitted their wrist chronometers to the Swiss Watch Institute for certification.

HERE ARE THE FIGURES FOR 1957 BASED UPON OFFICIAL STATISTICS

Total Wrist Chronometers produced by the Swiss Watch Industry—		
Made up as follows:—		
OMEGA	43,603	47.42 %
Nearest competitor	34,143	37.13 %
All others	14,204	15.45 %

It will be seen from this table that Omega led the field in 1957 with the impressive number of 43,603 Constellation chronometers or 47.42% of the industry's total.

Thus the ever-increasing demand for this superb masterpiece has made the Constellation the leader among the wrist chronometers.

OMEGA

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

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OMEGA ★ Tissot

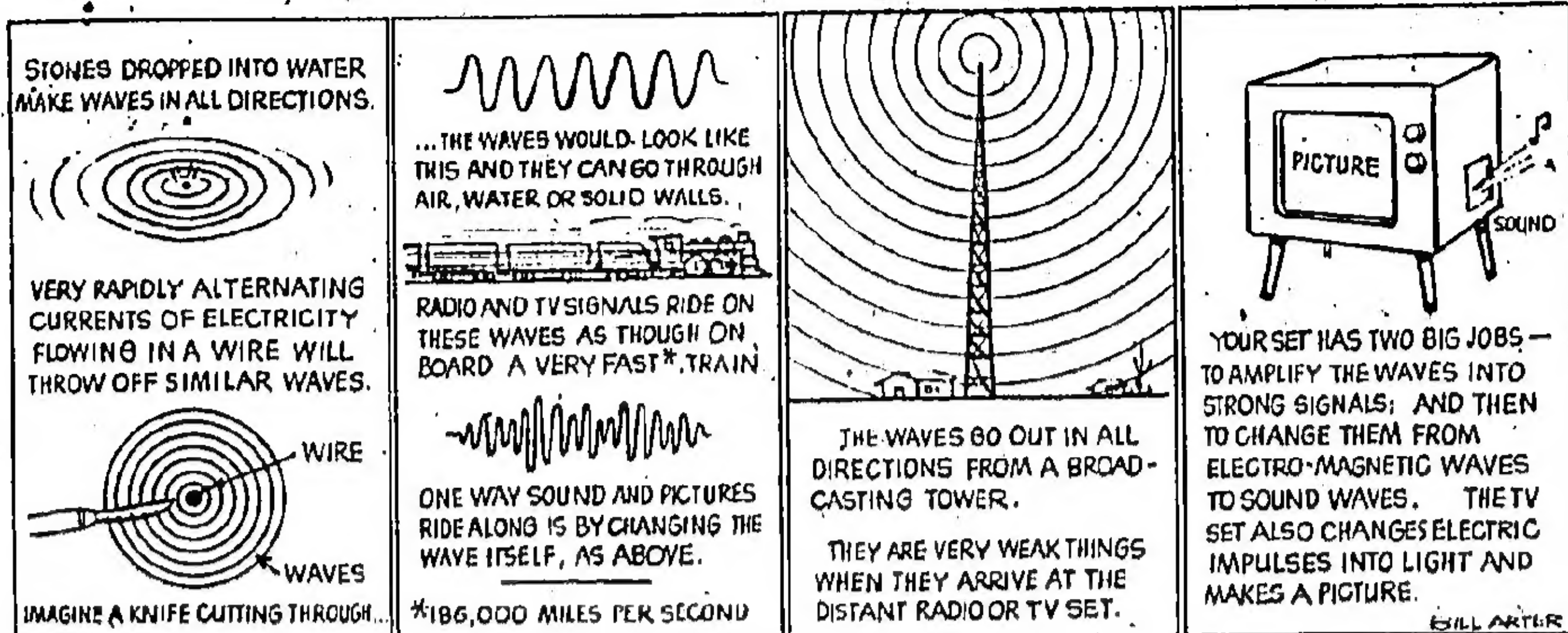
35, Jardine House.



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



You Should Know—How Sound, Pictures Travel



True Adventure—Imagine Fishing With Plants

DO you know that plants are used as fish bait in several parts of the world? For instance, if you lived in the Canary Islands and wanted to go fishing, you would not dig a can full of anglerworms and get out your pole and tackle.

Instead, you would gather a handful of euphorbia leaves.

After crushing these between two rocks or blocks of wood so that the white milky juice oozed out you would merely throw them into the water of your favourite fishing pool.

After waiting a few minutes, you would see the fish in that pool rise to the surface. Some

The Caribs of Guiana find the leaves of the manzetta tree very satisfactory for this purpose, while a number of primitive African tribes use the sweet-scented flowers of the muck-nyoko tree.

Our own American Indians also had their fish bait plants, those of the southeastern states using seeds of the red buckeye and those of California the pounded leaves and roots of the soap plant as well as those of the common turkey mullein.

Although the juices of none of these plants permanently poison or injure fish, most of us would prefer our own type of fishing.

There is nothing that quite equals the thrill of safely landing a big fish after a struggle.



In some parts of the world all you'll need to catch some fish is a few leaves.

How Birdy Williams Really Used His Head

FRED STONE, Bob Martin, and Eddie Maxwell each sporting a varsity sweater with a big "W," sat chatting in a booth at Pop Hanson's Chocolate Shop.

A full lad entered from the street and ordered a soft drink at the marble counter.

He was not the athletic type. His arms of abnormal length hung nearly to his knees. His neck bent forward from slightly rounded, slanting shoulders.

Prominent upper teeth made a noticeable receding chin more pronounced.

He turned his head and remarked, "Hi fellers."

The three all responded, "Hi, Birdy. Come on down."

He shook his head, "Haven't got time. Got a snow shovelling job."

He drained his treat and went out. Then he came back, poked his head in the door, and shouted, "Tell coach I'll be a little late for basketball practice."

Fred looked at Bob, and smiled.

"Poor Birdy," he sighed, "He tries so hard, but he lacks the talent."

"That's true," Bob replied. "We used to call him Birdbrain. Soon it changed to Birdy. He doesn't mind, though. He's good-natured."

Eddie Maxwell spoke up.

"Tough luck. He's been trying to make his 'W' for three years. Just can't make the grade."

Fred spoke. Fred was captain of the Washburn hoopers. "I know," he agreed, "Birdy lacks speed. He's got slow reflexes, always doing the wrong thing, like shooting at the opponents' basket or mauling a pass. However, I'm going to try and get him into that tournament game. It's only for a minute. That would get him his letter, and he'd be the happiest guy in the world."

"A good idea," the others agreed.

The regular basketball schedule was completed. Now Washburn High had a coming contest with Stanton for district selection for the state tournament. It was only two days later.

Practice came at 4 o'clock. Fred got his chance to contact Coach McGee, and he said, "If it's possible, coach, the boys would like to see Williams get in a minute, Friday night, to win his letter."

Coach McGee nodded. "We'll have to wait and see. We might be able to get a decent lead, and I'll put him in."

During the practice, Williams went in at centre for two three-minute periods. He was able to get his share of tips-offs, but his part in cross-forward plays and fast breaks for a lay-up shot failed miserably. The coach shook his head more in sympathy than disgust.

Friday night the town hall was packed with noisy, eager fans, as the two rival high schools took the floor.

The scene was a bedlam, as the first stringers started full speed trying to gain an advantage.

Washburn would get a four-point lead, but Stanton would roar right back to tie it up.

At half time Washburn led by the slim margin of 35 to 33. This was through the gallant drive of Captain Stone, who had nine floor goals and two fouls for 20 points.

In the dressing room Coach McGee raved and ranted, spotting their mistakes and weaknesses. He pointed to Captain Stone, "You're shooting well, Stone, but watch it. You have three personal fouls on you now. One more and you're out."

Fred was silent. The first sub-centre was only six feet, and Stanton's centre was four inches taller.

The whistle came and the third quarter started. Fred clicked in four more baskets, but he fouled a Stanton shooter just before the period whistle.

The Stanton player got two singles, and Fred was out of the game.

Starting the fourth quarter, Washburn led 51 to 41. Tom Nowell took Fred's place, but his efforts were not Fred's.

Gradually the Stanton crew gained, point by point, until there were five minutes to play and the score was 62 to 61.

Bob Martin, acting captain, called time out. The boys grouped around him on the back court.

"Let's change to five-man defence, and hold them to long shots. They're killing us with those lay-ups."



Birdy didn't get his hands up in time. The ball struck him squarely in the forehead.

Washburn got one more basket and a foul, but Stanton edged two long shots to tie the score.

With one minute to go, Coach McGee was desperate. He called to Birdy Williams, "I'm going to put you in. Get the tip-offs to Martin and Newell, and try to feed them when they break for the basket."

Williams, eager and excited, nodded. Words wouldn't come. The coach patted him on the back and said, "Go in there and USE YOUR HEAD."

Stanton had the ball outside. The ball came in. Down the floor, Martin rushed across and blocked a pass, lobbing it across to Maxwell.

They passed back and forth, watching for an opening.

The seconds were ticking the game away.

Williams circled and cut toward the foul line. Maxwell sealed a fast one toward Birdy.

He didn't get his hands up in time. The ball struck him squarely in the forehead, and bounced upward, and arched downward. It struck the rim, bounced up five feet and dropped through the basket just as the timer's gun barked.

The game was over. Washburn 67, Stanton 65.

In the dressing room Birdy was the hero.

"How'd you do it, Birdy?" Fred Stone asked.

Birdy grinned a happy grin. "Just like the coach said, I used my head."

—DICK MURRAY

Hobby Corner—Take Care When Using Tools

THE SAME TOOL that cuts a measured chunk off a block of wood for you, can also cut your finger off your hand.

However, there is one "safety protection" which will always save you from being hurt by your tools.

The Biblical saying, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," is worth paraphrasing for a youthful worker with tools.

"The fear of how tools can hurt you is the beginning of wisdom."

Especially if you are allowed to work with power tools, you



of elementary caution in using tools.

He changed his position and slowed his sawing action as he approached the end of the cut. The log suddenly broke in two, knocking the sharp saw back against the spot where his leg had been only a few moments before.

The boy escaped with a torn trouser leg and some ugly scratches. If he had not suddenly become "afraid" of his tool, he would have sliced his leg.

Don't forget your best "safety protection" when working with tools even in model building.

The fear of how tools can hurt you is the beginning of wisdom and safety.

—By Manuel Almada

HOW MAKE A DANCING TO SERPENT

1. MARK A PIECE OF TYPING PAPER INTO A CIRCLE ABOUT 5 OR 6 INCHES ACROSS.

2. CUT OUT CIRCLE AND MARK IT INTO A SPIRAL.

3. TIE A SHORT PIECE OF TOOTHPICK TO A 48 INCH PIECE OF THREAD.

4. WITH A NEEDLE, PUT THREAD THROUGH CENTER OF SPIRAL.

NOW HANG SPIRAL OVER A TABLE LAMP AND WATCH IT DANCE IN THE HEAT OF THE LAMP.

TRACE AROUND A SMALL PLATE.

CUT CIRCLE ON SPIRAL LINE.

3. TIE A SHORT PIECE OF TOOTHPICK TO A 48 INCH PIECE OF THREAD.

4. WITH A NEEDLE, PUT THREAD THROUGH CENTER OF SPIRAL.

NOW HANG SPIRAL OVER A TABLE LAMP AND WATCH IT DANCE IN THE HEAT OF THE LAMP.

Brain Teasers—Try Them

DON'T MISS the boat! Just fill in the blanks around each "boat" to find the words destined.

1. BOA—Brag.

2. B—OAT—Become swollen.

3. BO—AT—American lynx.

4. B—O—A—T—Tendency to float easily.

5. BO—A—T—Plant scientist.

6. B—O—A—T—Send radio messages.

7. —BO—AT—Regard with aversion.

8. —BO—AT—Charge with carbon dioxide.

9. B—O—A—T—Shirking or dress fabric.

10. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

11. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

12. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

13. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

14. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

15. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

16. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

17. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

18. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

19. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

20. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

ZOO'S WHO

ONE OF NORTH AMERICA'S BEST LOVED BIRDS, THE BLACK-CAPPED CHICKADEE, ACTUALLY IS AN IMMIGRANT, COMING HERE SEVERAL MILLION YEARS AGO.

A HOG HAS A VERY KEEN SENSE OF SMELL, ESPECIALLY WHEN LOOKING FOR FOOD.

A DORMOUSE IS A SMALL RODENT THAT LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE A SQUIRREL. THE DORMOUSE WAS GIVEN THIS NAME BECAUSE IT SPENDS MOST OF ITS TIME IN A SLEEPING OR DORMANT STATE.

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Brain Teasers—Try Them

DON'T MISS the boat! Just fill in the blanks around each "boat" to find the words destined.

1. BOA—Brag.

2. B—OAT—Become swollen.

3. BO—AT—American lynx.

4. B—O—A—T—Tendency to float easily.

5. BO—A—T—Plant scientist.

6. B—O—A—T—Send radio messages.

7. —BO—AT—Regard with aversion.

8. —BO—AT—Charge with carbon dioxide.

9. B—O—A—T—Shirking or dress fabric.

10. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

11. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

12. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

13. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

14. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

15. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

16. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

17. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

18. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

19. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

20. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

21. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

22. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

23. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

24. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

25. B—O—A—T—Chief magistrate of a German town.

Hunting For A Whale

—How General Tin Landed On The North Pole—

By MAX TRELL

KNARE, the shadow boy, with the Turned-About Name, Teddy, the Stuffing Bear, and Hiawatha, the Small-Sized Wooden Indian were talking about going on a hunting expedition.

"I'd like to hunt lions," said Knare. "The lion is the King of the forest."

"I'd like to hunt whales," said Teddy. "I'd go to every jungle in the world until I found a whale."

"I'd like to hunt whales," said Hiawatha. "I'd go to every jungle in the world until I found a whale."

"I'd like to hunt whales," said Knare. "I'd go to every jungle in the world until I found a whale."

"I'd like to hunt whales," said Teddy. "I'd go to every jungle in the world until I found a whale."

"I'd like to hunt whales," said Hiawatha. "I'd go to every jungle in the world until I found a whale."

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General Tin threw a harpoon at the monstrous whale.

from me, was a monstrous whale. He was as big as a hundred bathtubs, and from his head there spouted a great fountain of water. It went up as high as a eucalyptus tree. What did I do?

"You turned the ship around and went the other way," said Hiawatha shaking his head gloomily. "I mean that's what I would have done."

"Not at all," said General Tin, "although, come to think of it, it probably is what I should have done. And I'll tell you why."

"I flung a harpoon at this monstrous whale. Instantly, he came to within all his might, pulling the ship after him."

"Why didn't you let go of the harpoon?" Teddy asked.

"Never Lets Go"

"A good hunter never lets go," said General Tin. "I hung on to the harpoon—or, rather, to the rope at the end of the harpoon—and away we all went, the whale, the ship and I. We went to the end of the Atlantic Ocean, then across the Pacific Ocean, then down to the Antarctic Ocean where the North Pole is. We went round and round the North Pole. And that's where it happened."

"What happened?" cried Knare and Teddy, in excitement.

YOUR BIRTHDAY ...By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 7

BORN today, you must guard against becoming a victim of your own moods. You will find that you swing from great exaltation to deep depression. One moment you are filled with fire and ambition; the next you are apathetic and too filled with inertia to make a move. Unless you conquer this tendency, don't expect too much out of life. You have to cultivate self-discipline if you are to make a material success out of your life.

Otherwise, you have good judgment, are sincere, and have many latent capabilities which should be cultivated. You probably have musical talent, which should be developed from earliest childhood, especially if you are planning to make it your life work. You have an acquisitive mind and are fond of learning for the sake of acquiring knowledge. You will be considered a "bookish" person and often you prefer the company of a good book to those who have nothing unusual to chatter about.

You have a volatile emotional nature and are always sincerely sympathetic with the problems of others. You are always ready and willing to give good advice. But if this advice is not followed, you are not the one to repeat it a second time! An early marriage probably would bring you emotional stability and the incentive to force ahead. You will do anything for those you love and make any kind of self-sacrifice to bring joy to your family. You are ardent and want to be loved in return.

Among those born on this date were: Paul Gauguin, painter; Albert Sidney Burleson, statesman; John Franklin Goucher, educator; Elizabeth Bowen, British author, and Alice Nielson, singer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star, and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may have a family problem to solve which can tax your ingenuity. A quick wit and calm attitude will always help.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Tensions may arise in the domestic circle. Don't try and patch things up today; wait for tempers to cool.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—An unexpected romance may cause havoc within the domestic circle. An eloquent? Take it with patience and tact.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Curb any tendency to high-speed romance. Emotions are not to be trusted now. Consider all aspects first.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Don't be misled by some temporary infatuation. Impulses are not to be trusted. Look carefully before leaping.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Keep the emotions well under control and all goes smoothly with you. Otherwise, there can be chaos.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—There can be trouble in your stride; adjust to changed circumstances.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—There is need for display of tact today. Be diplomatic on the domestic scene and all goes well.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Don't get involved in anyone else's troubles. You have plenty of your own to straighten out just now!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Self-discipline and emotional control will help you to handle today's romantic problems wisely.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Seek inspiration from a good sermon. Forget personal troubles; by helping someone else who is in need.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take a positive and constructive view of life and you will make all necessary adjustments to change.

BORN today, the moodiness of those born yesterday is increased manifold today. Your alternating cycles of temperament could lead you toward disaster unless you learn early in life to control them. Discover that a "mood" often is caused by a physical condition. You may be overfed. Your mood is one of fullness. Get some extra rest and see how much brighter the world looks. You may have been living too sedentary a life. Get out into the open. Or you of the fair sex can often work off a bad mood by some hard housework! You will find that a change of pace also changes the mood.

It is likely that you have artistic talents suited to your temperament. Your ideals are high and you become impatient if you cannot realize them. You have the ability to plan well for others but often are shortsighted when it comes to your own affairs. Generous, sympathetic and understanding, you often are imposed upon. Too often you expend your energies helping others rather than yourself.

Since your intuitions are sound, learn to follow them rather than accepting the advice of others, even though at the time you may not be able to give a sound reason for dissent. Be careful in your selection of a marriage partner. Here, too, let your heart guide you. It will not lead you astray.

Among those born on this date were: Robert Schumann, composer; Admiral David Dixon Porter, U.S. Navy; Samuel Bowles, crusading editor and publisher; Henry Clay Trumbull, clergyman; and author; Thomas Sully, portrait painter and Frank Lloyd Wright, architect.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 9

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Start the new work week by deciding to remain calm in the face of distractions and continue to do your duty conscientiously.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Handle a matter at a distance with tact and discretion. All goes well if you make the proper decisions.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Stick closely to routine now and consider concrete plans for making the most of the next three days. A progressive period.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A cheerful, constructive and positive attitude will overcome temporary obstacles in your path of progress.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If you are feeling under the weather these days, seek medical advice. Perhaps a checkup is in order. Get it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Follow normal routine and all should be well. Don't get tangled up in another's emotional problems.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Before putting on the pressure, be sure you are right in face of distractions and continue to do your duty conscientiously.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Take the lead in some project and show enterprise. A new idea can be successfully promoted if you are smart.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—It's wise these days to find a bargain. If you need new home furnishings, this may be the time to find what you want.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Personal affairs need your close attention now. There are dubious undercurrents. Take the initiative, and act.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't undertake any major decision today. Stick closely to familiar routine and you will come out all right.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You can avoid unnecessary delay if you are astute in sizing up a situation. Act cautiously but positively.

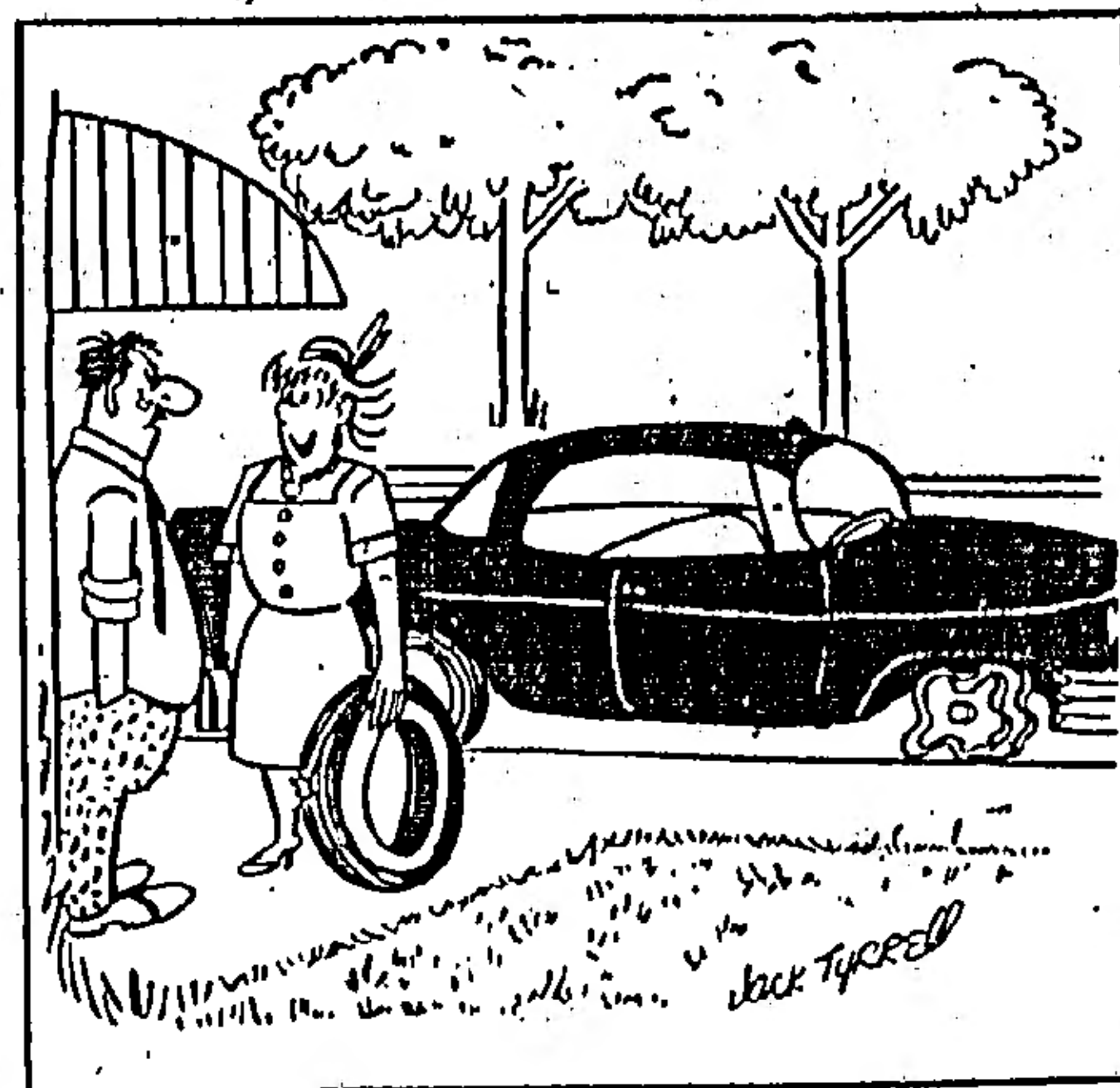
DARTWORDS START HERE

In the 30-word circle starting point is marked with the word **HYPOCRISY**. The last word is the one in the **HYPOCRISY**. Puzzle is to place a letter from that word to last by rearranging the other words in such a way that the relationship between the word and the one next to it is governed by one of the rules.

RULES: (1) The word must be an anagram of the word that precedes it. (2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it. (3) It may be found by adding one letter to the preceding word. (4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas. (5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

(Solution on Page 20)

This Funny World



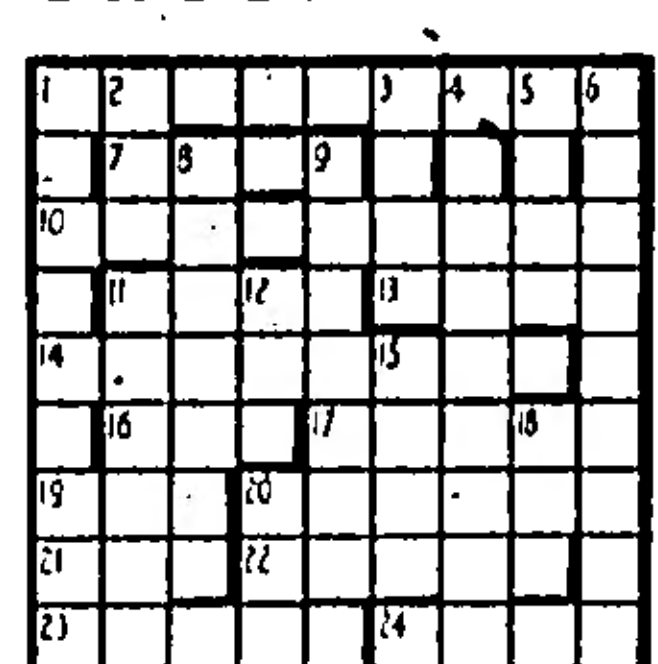
"Luckily, I remembered what you said about never driving on a flat tire."

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

There is no doubt that Tiddlywinks (which is spelled Tiddlywinks in Wales) is the game of the hour. When a House of Commons team opposes Oxford University at Wembley there will be no Cup-tie rattles and funny hats, because the game as played today is more dignified than football.

As there is a Chair of Budgegiger Care and Maintenance at Cambridge, there may soon be a blue for Tiddlywinks at Oxford. I have always thought that mounted Tiddlywinks, as played in the Scilly Islands, is a faster, more exciting game than any other. To bend from a galloping horse and flip the Tiddlywink into the receptacle is a test not only of skill but of balance.

CROSSWORD



Across
1. Bring to court (9).
2. Employed (4).
3. Provided with front porch (9).
4. Bounce (4).
5. Chinese cash (4).
6. Slipper (6).
7. Crows (6).
8. Threequarters of 7 Across (5).
9. Ties (4).
10. Discomfited (9).
11. Lady of Troy (4).
12. Whirlpool (4).
13. Down
14. Lovers (4).
15. Gait (4).
16. Timber (4).
17. Wilt (4).
18. Greeting (4).
19. Chorus (4).
20. Permanent (4).
21. Pretence (4).
22. Substance (6).
23. Gold (4).
24. A quiet animal (4).
25. Round (4).
26. The lady (4).

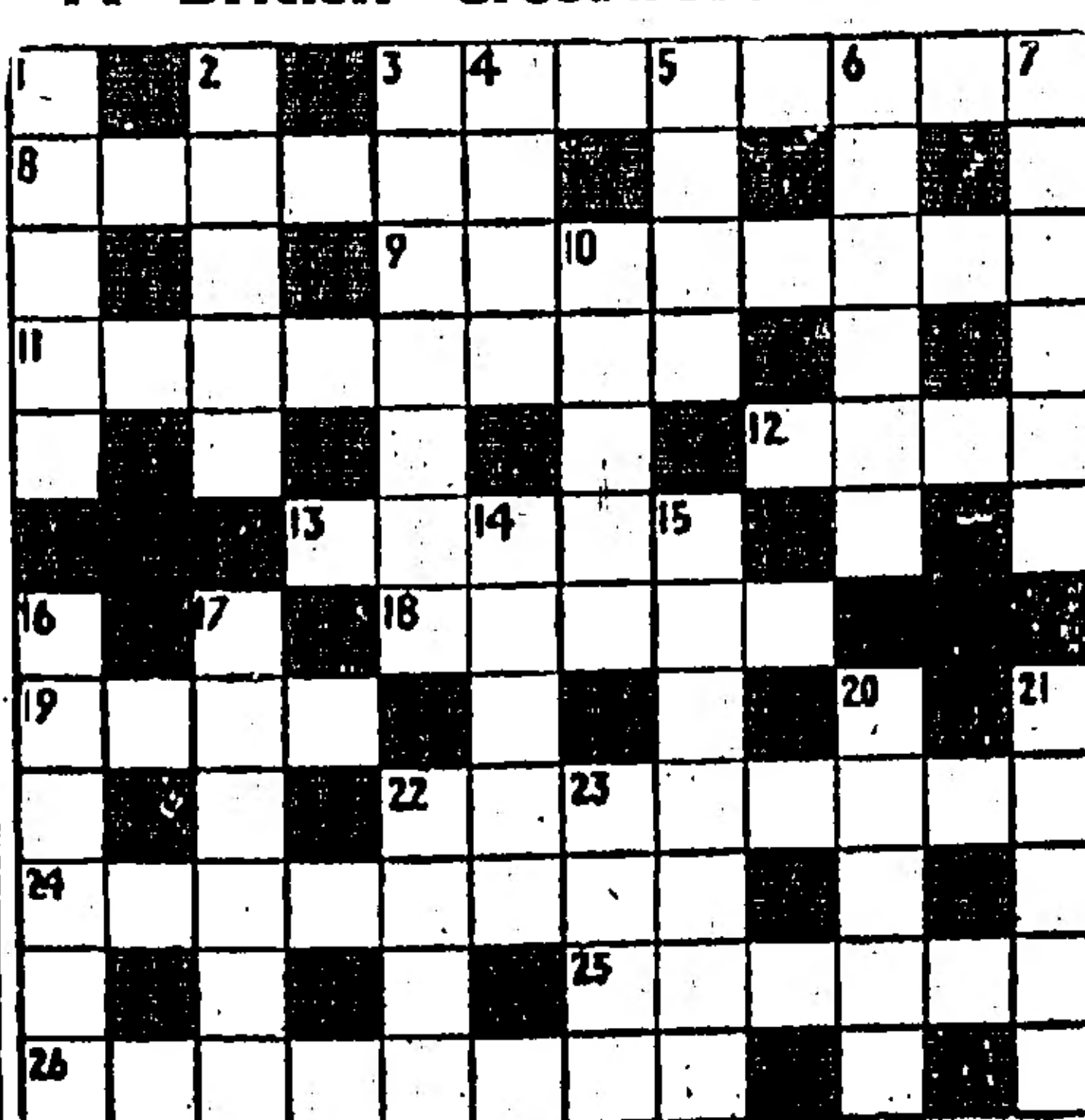
Brief idyll (5)

True courtship made no progress. When he sent her orchids, she said her favourite flower was the woodland primrose. She would accept no presents, and every time she drank champagne while he was drinking champagne he felt it as a kind of tacit criticism of his way of life. At a party in his yacht she said to a glittering woman: "Those pearls must have cost you hundreds of pounds," said the woman. And Mabel thought, "She is no doubt the wife of some jeweller." When invited to play poker she said she would rather go up stairs and lean over the railings to look at the sea. Epaminondas began to hate his wealth. And one day he had a brilliant idea.

In passing

I READ that the reason why Eskimos have good teeth is that the fish they eat "ensures an adequate fluoride intake." Scientists should now capture an Eskimo and feed him, on other foods. If his teeth rotted it would prove that all our water ought to be fluoridated at once. It would then only remain to explain why mice, deprived of fish and water, have excellent teeth.

A British Crossword Puzzle



Across
3 Rhyme place in Ireland (6).
8 Most unpleasant (6).
9 Trifling nip (6).
11 Apple dishes, perhaps (6).
12 Turned and ran (4).
13 Private instructor (5).
18 Cuts, as nails (5).
22 Man on board (9).
24 May cop an engine or warm a room (8).
25 Not in favour (6).
26 Really valuable servant? (8).
Down
1 Worthless bunter (5).
2 Long and winding? (5).
3 Talcum (5, 2).
4 Out of work? (4).
5 The times of the opera season (4).
6 Solid lump of dripping? (6).
7 Making some dough? (6).
10 The right answer to this would be wrong (5).
14 Understood by implication (6).
15 Aliveness (7).
16 Feathered repent (6).
17 Certain athletes take it in their stride (6).
20 Jump, perhaps, to begin with (6).
21 Short document? (5).
22 Said from a platform (4).
23 A beastly noise (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Bypass, 4 Frost, 7 Digger, 8 A-part, 10 Rail, 12 Stripes, 15 Casto, 16 Rest, 17 A-dam, 19 Raven, 20 Mineral, 21 Divo, 23 Spite, 24 Hovers, 25 Friday, 26 Sticker. Down: 1 Bad dream, 2 Rubbish, 3 Seck, 5 Repaired, 6 Series, 9 Stool, 11 Lamented, 12 Strip, 13 Penitent, 14 Stripes, 15 Dipper, 22 Feet.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Deschapelles Coup Sets Bid

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH won the opening diamond with the queen and laid down the queen of clubs. Virgil Anderson Jr., of Springfield, Mo., who sat East, let that card hold and won the next lead of that suit.

Virgil saw no future in a diamond return at this point. Even though his partner should hold the ace or king the suit could never be established. Virgil also noted that there was only one entry for dummy's clubs and that maybe if he knocked that out declarer could not gather in nine tricks.

Accordingly Virgil played the king of hearts. This play constitutes the rare Deschapelles Coup named after Guillaume

NORTH 28	
764	764
765	765
766	766
767	767
768	768
769	769
770	770
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772	772
773	773
774	774
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787	787
788	788
789	789
790	790
791	791
792	792
793	793
794	794
795	795
796	796
797	797
798	798
799	799
800	800

Deschapelles, the great French Whist and Chess player of the 19th century.

South won the ace of hearts. There was no point holding off as Virgil would simply continue the suit. He led a third club and West let a diamond go. Virgil led a spade which South won with the ace. South's next play was to cash the heart queen and West came through with a brilliant play of his own. He dropped the jack of hearts to make that play he would have been thrown in with that card and forced to lead up to the spades. As it was, South's last chance for the hand had gone glimmering.

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Pass
3 ♠ Pass ?
You, South, hold:
♠ 32 ♣ A 8 5 3 2 ♠ A K Q J

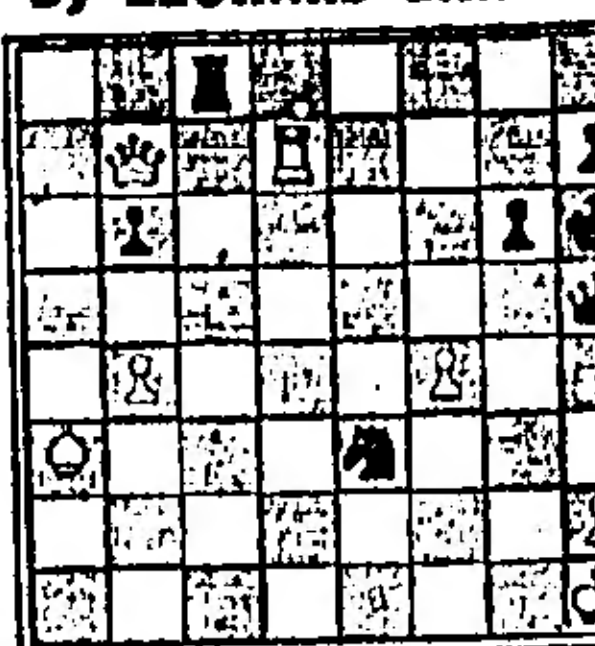
What do you do?
A—Since your partner can raise clubs without an honor a slam is likely. Start proceedings with a bid of three hearts.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner bids three spades over your three hearts. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

CHESS

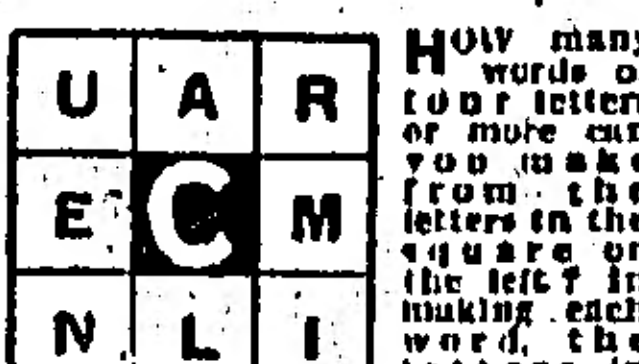
By LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a position from actual play: Black to move and win. Solution No. 512: 1. P-B3 (R2) (threat 2 R-Q8) 1-B-B3; 2 R-K10, or R-Q1; 2 R-K17, or B-QP; 2 P-R4, or R-B7; 2 R-K4, or R-K17; 2 R-B4, or P-QP; 2 P-B4.

London Express Service

TARGET



How many words of four letters can you make from the letters in the square? No plural or foreign words. No proper names. No words with apostrophes. good; 50 words, very good; 50 words excellent. Solution on Monday.

TESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: East had more than one card in the suit. Each card must contain the same word. The word must be a four-letter word in the list. No plural or foreign words. No proper names. No words with apostrophes. good; 50 words, very good; 50 words excellent. Solution on Monday.

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CHINA MAIL

Page 20 SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1958.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

CHINA TRIES TO REVIVE OLD BOGEY OF JAPAN

Says LONDON WEEKLY

London, June 6.
The weekly independent review Economist today stated that recent Chinese charges against Mr Nobusuke Kishi, the Japanese Prime Minister, were intended "to revive a bogey of an aggressive resurgent Japan that has neither learned nor forgotten anything."

The charges, which followed Japan's general election and subsequent difficulties in trade agreement with China, accused Mr Kishi of collusion with Chiang Kai-shek and the "Syngman Rhee clique" with estranging the neutrals of South-East Asia and tying them to the American "war charter" and with trying to revive "greater East Asia co-prosperity sphere."

Republic was often bewildering these with intimate knowledge of the country. "The truth is that in China, as in Russia, the interests of Communism are superimposed on the traditional interests of greater power."

Alleged Mass Murderer Lodges Appeal

Glasgow, June 6.
Peter Manuel, 32, who was sentenced to death last week for murdering five women, a man and a boy, has lodged an appeal against conviction on six grounds, it was announced today.

An Alternative

Recently Peking seemed to be settling itself up as an alternative to Moscow as an attraction for international Communism. "The Economist" commented: "The Asian Communist Parties were nearly all sucked in Moscow in the Comintern days; but Mr Mao's prestige as a first successful leader of a Communist revolution in Asia is far greater than Mr Khrushchev's as the mere successor of Stalin."

WEST LONGEST OVERLAND TESTING RANGE

Canberra, June 6.
The Australian Government plans to extend the Woomera Rocket Range to make it the longest overland testing range in the free world the Supply Minister, Mr Athol Townley, said here tonight.

But, the Economist asked, is China now a better neighbour than in 1957? "Certainly the reckless spirit of earlier years seems to have given way to a more sober appreciation of risks."

It is expected the appeal will be heard in Edinburgh before the end of this month. Manuel has not yet said whether he will speak for himself or be represented by counsel. During his trial he dispensed with his counsel and took over his own defence.—Reuter.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

HYPOCHISY Dart: Rant Rank
Frank Luck Luck Luck Pot Pint
Paint Coat Hanger Hunger Hunter
Shunter Shunter Shunter Shunter
Mistress Mince Mice Mace Pace
Peace Justice Justice Justice
Cousin Cousin Cousin Cousin
Suave Slave Slave Slave
Jay Jay Lay Lay Lay Lay
French Deen Deen Deen Deen

CABLE BRIEFS

Chicago, June 6.
A letter bearing a Confederate flag addressed to the "hotel dirty word" Chicago, has been delivered to its intended receiver. Postmaster Carl Schroeder said the letter, which came from Columbus, Georgia, was delivered to the Sherman Hotel.—U. P. 1.

Doldboro, N.C., June 6.
Fuzzled by their radar check, police investigators found a sign a block away reading: "Whammy one block ahead. Look Out, Zorro."

Washington, June 6.
Recession-inspired sign of the times at a petrol service station here: "Customers wanted. No experience necessary."—U.P.I.

Sheffield, June 6.
Juvenile court Judge D. J. O'Neill yesterday ordered the father of a boy charged with stealing £500 of the father's savings to increase his son's allowance from sixpence a week.—U.P.I.

Wausau, Wis., June 6.
The U.S. Navy has agreed to provide back pay to Loral Anderson. The pay covers 37 years.—U.P.I.

Birmingham, Ala., June 6.
Circuit Judge J. Russell McElroy decreed yesterday it was too hot to dispense justice and adjourned his court until September.—U.P.I.

Hattiesburg, June 6.
Mississippi Southern College announced yesterday it will hold an 11-day conference this summer designed to "give women more poise and a more attractive personality and to enhance beauty and to improve the social graces."—U.P.I.

Grand Rapids, June 6.
George Amick, who finished second in the 1948 Memorial Day Indianapolis Race, says Sunday drivers "scare me to death."—U.P.I.

RIDER CRASHES INTO POLE. KILLS SELF

Douglas, June 6.
John Surtees, 23-year-old former world motor-cycling champion from London, easily won the 500 c.c. Senior Tourist Trophy race on an Italian M.V. here today on the Isle of Man.

The race was marred by the death of Desmond Wolff, a 32-year-old plastering contractor from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. He lost control of his Norton on a tricky bend during the first lap and crashed head on into a telegraph pole at a speed of about 100 m.p.h. He was killed instantly.

Wolff's wife was watching the race, but was well away from the scene of the crash. The victory of the M.V. meant that the Italian firm carried off their fourth victory—an all-time record for the week-long Tourist Trophy meeting. Surtees won the Junior T.T. race (350 cc) earlier in the week and M.V. machines also took the 125 and 250 cc events.—Reuter.

CEYLONESE SENATOR ARRESTED

Colombo, June 6.
Twelve leading members of the banned Federal Party—which claims to speak for the Tamil people of north and east Ceylon—were today placed under house arrest, making a total of 22 so detained since last night.

Among the latest batch was Mr G. Nalliah, a member of the Senate, the first 10 were in Colombo, and included seven Members of Parliament. The others include leaders in various parts of the island.

This follows widespread language riots involving the Tamil and Sinhalese communities. The Governor General, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, had signed a regulation empowering the Government to detain in custody any persons belonging to or suspected to belong to a proscribed party or organization.—Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

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ARE ARA
TEN ANT
LATE ST
CAP ROE
ODE ABE

CROSSWORD:
ON THE HEAD: Bonnet; Tam-o'-Shanter; Derby; Beret; Topce, Colf.
"E" WORDS: Indian, Ice, this, Iron, Ingot, Importer, Idol, Ice-Well.
BODY PARTS: Arm; palm; chest; heart; elbow.
TRIANGLE: POLICE OPERA LENA IRA CA E

Thailand Beats United States

Singapore, June 6.
Thailand beat the United States by 7-2 to enter the zone final of the Thomas Cup badminton competition, in which the Thai players will meet the winner of the Indonesia-Denmark match. After a 4-0 lead overnight, Pinit Pattabongse Gane of Thailand won the winning point in the opening singles match at the Singapore Badminton Hall tonight by beating American Manuel Armendariz in two sets. The United States two points came from Ron Palmer in the singles and Joe Alston and Wynn Rogers in the doubles.—France-Press.

Althea Gibson In Tennis Finals

Manchester, June 6.
Wimbledon Champion Althea Gibson, of the United States, and Maria Esther Bueno, of Brazil, today qualified for the Women's singles final of the Northern Lawn Tennis Championships here.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.30. "Redgauntlet" Part 12. 12 Noon. "Sun On a Mike-Hank Run." Three Men On a Mike-Hank Run. For Red River Dave and Carson Robinson. 1. George Feyer at the Keyboard. 1.15 Weather Report. News and Special Announcements: 1.30. Melachro and his Orchestra. 2. Saturday Requests Presented by Nick Kennedy. 3. "The Big Record" Song of the Frailty. 4.30. Rhythm Parade. 5. Music by Rhythm 6. Rhythm 7. Rhythm 8. Rhythm 9. Rhythm 10. Rhythm 11. Rhythm 12. Rhythm 13. Rhythm 14. Rhythm 15. Rhythm 16. Rhythm 17. Rhythm 18. Rhythm 19. Rhythm 20. Rhythm 21. Rhythm 22. Rhythm 23. Rhythm 24. Rhythm 25. Rhythm 26. Rhythm 27. Rhythm 28. Rhythm 29. Rhythm 30. Rhythm 31. Rhythm 32. Rhythm 33. Rhythm 34. Rhythm 35. Rhythm 36. Rhythm 37. Rhythm 38. Rhythm 39. Rhythm 40. Rhythm 41. Rhythm 42. Rhythm 43. Rhythm 44. Rhythm 45. Rhythm 46. Rhythm 47. Rhythm 48. Rhythm 49. Rhythm 50. Rhythm 51. Rhythm 52. Rhythm 53. Rhythm 54. Rhythm 55. Rhythm 56. Rhythm 57. Rhythm 58. Rhythm 59. 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